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ON THE QUEEN'S ERRANDS

ON THE QUEEN'S ERRANDS

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BY

PHILIP H. M. WYNTER

Late Captain Bengal Army

and

King's Foreign Service Messenger

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PREFACE

I PREFER not to handicap my maiden effort in literature with a long introduction. I have explained in the book itself my reasons—good or bad—for writing it, but I here gratefully acknowledge the kindness of those who have assisted me in my venture. First my best thanks are due to my friend and neighbour, Mr. Frederick Douglas How, whose successful literary career and experience has enabled him to arrange my topics in proper order and to give me the benefit of his advice. Next my thanks are offered to my friends, the Right Hon. Sir Charles S. Scott, G.C.B., and the Right Hon. Sir Nicholas R. O'Conor, G.C.B., for giving me their photographs to embellish my book.

I am also indebted to my friends, Sir Henry Austin Lee, K.C.M.G., C.B., for the loan of the photograph of the late Viscount Lyons, and Major Walter Boyd, late Gordon Highlanders, for lending me the photograph of his uncle, the late Admiral The Hon. Augustus Hobart.

P. H. M. WYNTER.

THE HAYS,
CHARLBURY,
February 20th, 1906

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ON THE QUEEN'S ERRANDS

CHAPTER I

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Forewords — St. John's College — Parentage — Archbishop Vernon Harcourt — The Duke of Wellington—Jacobus and Carolus.

> O quid solutis beatius est curis
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

On retiring, after a service of upwards of forty-six years, as a soldier and King's Foreign Service Messenger, I—greatly daring—offer my Recollections to an indulgent Public. The great Lord Clive when reproached for the plundering of himself, his officers and soldiers, after the battle of Plassey, gave the well-known reply, "When I recollect my opportunities I wonder at my own moderation." May I be allowed to paraphrase the words of that hero and say

"When I consider my scanty claims to attention I wonder at my own temerity?"

Anyhow, should my recital weary the more discerning public, I shall console myself with the thought that my writing may be of interest to my children long after I am dead and gone. I may assure my casual readers that I did not begin to write before asking the advice of many kind friends. I give as a specimen the replies of three of them. The first said "Write away—no one will read a word, but it will keep you out of mischief." At the age of sixty-six I wonder of what mischief I am capable. I can think of none but forgery or secret poisoning.

My second mentor replied to my request for advice, "I don't see why you should not attempt something, but recollect it will not go down unless it is pretty spicy." I only faintly grasped his meaning, but I beg to say that though I may not write merely *pueris virginibusque* or expect my recollections to serve for a text-book in a young ladies' school, still I will not write a word which can offend the delicacy of any sensible woman.

My third adviser spoke thus, "My dear fellow, I daresay that you are somewhat

imaginative, so recollect that, when facts fail you, you can fall back on fiction." This last gentleman was really discouraging and almost insulting, and nothing shall tempt me to follow his advice. During my life I have bent the knee to many goddesses—all, of course, respectable ones—but on this occasion I assure my readers that I shall worship but one deity—Truth, and this may make my story monotonous at best.

Now that I come to write these Recollections I regret that I have kept no notes to refresh my memory as to my past experiences and many wanderings. *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,* I have to trust to a very faulty memory. I think that most of those who write autobiographies rather weary their indulgent readers by long descriptions of their ancestors and their marriages, the collateral branches of their families, and various other details. I shall avoid this error and content myself by saying that I am satisfied with my descent on both sides, but will only mention my immediate progenitors.

I was born in 1839 in the President's Lodgings at St. John's College, Oxford. My father, the Rev. Philip Wynter, D.D.,

was for nearly forty-four years the President of that Society and a Residentiary Canon of Worcester, and well known at Oxford for his unbending politics and his uncompromising opposition to the late Mr. Gladstone, whom he distrusted in matters both of Church and State. I have always believed that my father's honest and independent conduct interfered much with his prospects of rising to an even higher position in the Church.

In the President's lodgings where I was born, there were pictures of King Charles I. flanked by Archbishops Laud and Juxon. Laud's walking stick was revered in the college library, and his crozier, or pastoral staff, was found in a garret near a room where I slept in those days. A young man who was engaged to teach my younger brothers Latin told them that in his view of history, Charles I. was a "bad man." My brothers, much shocked, reported this opinion to my father, who severely begged the young gentleman to keep such opinions to himself in future—though he was willing to admit that Charles was not altogether blameless as a king.

My mother was a daughter of the Rev. Mascie Domville Taylor, of Lymm Hall, Cheshire,

and Rector of Moreton Corbet, Salop, and Langton Wold, Yorkshire. By my father's side I come of a prolific race. He had numerous brothers and sisters. One of his brothers was well known as the Rector of Gatton, Surrey, and a Canon of Winchester. Two more were in the Army, and one, my Uncle William, who served under Lord Cochrane in South America, in the Royal Navy, but I think he never rose above the rank of lieutenant. After the peace of 1815 he was with many other naval officers turned adrift, and went to serve under Lord Cochrane in Chili. I was told that he was at the cutting out of the *Esmeralda*, an exploit that was much admired at the time. He was drowned at sea—having married a Chilian lady and assisted to populate that interesting country. My mother also had two brothers, officers in the Army—one is still alive.[1] My father married twice, and I am the eldest of twelve children by his second wife, of whom ten survive. And now I have done with these historic details.

[1] Since this was written I have lost this surviving Uncle Robert Mascie Taylor, late lieutenant 25th Regiment King's Own Borderers, who died in November, 1904, aged 86.

I know that it is the opinion of some thoughtless people that it is an advantage to have sprung from a fertile stock and to be one of many. I cannot share this feeling. I have a vivid recollection of the gloomy apprehensions with which I viewed the repeated preparations for a fresh arrival, foreseeing too clearly that each addition would curtail our luxuries and diminish my very small share of patrimony. My brothers and sisters continued to succeed each other like the waves of the sea—preceded always by the advent of a stern tyrannical old woman who required continual nourishment in the shape of port wine, soup, beef steaks, etc. She seemed to take entire command of every servant, and was (except as to morals), a domestic Catherine II. After a time I looked on her visits as a matter of course, and when I sadly enquired why so many infants should appear she assured me that they were sent as blessings from heaven, and that they were a proof of the approbation of the Almighty, and a reward for the piety of the parents, and instanced the countless offspring of the Hebrew patriarchs who were the objects of a special Divine favour. I learned when older that these same patriarchs

were hardly models of conduct, and observed that, however pious people might be, they seemed rather to repine than to rejoice as their children multiplied. Anyhow, the old woman's theory was doubted by me even at a very early age, and I ceased to consider myself as a prize awarded to deserving parents.

One of my earliest recollections was driving with my father to Nuneham to call on Archbishop Vernon-Harcourt of York. He was a venerable-looking old gentleman, and his wig made a great impression on me. As a young man he had been a good sportsman and fond of hunting. It was said that after he became an Archbishop he was out riding near Bishopthorpe when he viewed a fox crossing the road. Looking round he saw, some fields off, the huntsman casting his hounds, but owing to a bad scent, huntsman and hounds were quite at a loss. His Grace observing this waved his hat and gave a loud view holloa. The huntsman came galloping up to the road, and seeing from whom the sound came—recognizing the Archbishop of York—he blew his horn and the hounds hit the line at once. The huntsman muttered to himself " That's Gospel, by G-d."

My father was the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford from 1840 to 1844. There were so many matters of interest connected with his tenure of office that I must be forgiven if I refer to one or two events that happened while I was still a very small child in the nursery. There is this further excuse for narrating them, viz., that I have a distinct recollection of the occasion of the visit of the great Duke of Wellington, who stayed with my father in Oxford about the year 1844. The Duke was Chancellor of the University, and one of the matters that lent special interest to my father's Vice-Chancellorship was the fact that he was brought into close and continual communication with this famous man. As a little fellow I was proud of shaking hands with and being asked my age by one whom I then and always considered perhaps the greatest Englishman who ever lived. When shall we look upon his like again? As great as the Duke of Marlborough without his avarice and treason, and as great as Cromwell without his cruelty and tyranny. There must be few now living who have shaken the hand of the Great Duke.

I have a good-sized tin box partly full of

his letters to my father on various subjects connected with the University. These letters are mostly written on light grey letter paper with a gilt edge, and are in many cases enclosed in envelopes which look very small to our modern eyes, being in fact no larger than 4 inches by 2½ inches, and thus necessitating the letter being folded several times. Of the handwriting in which they are inscribed I cannot speak highly. It is decidedly scratchy and very much sloped. In many letters words are slurred or omitted, showing signs of hurry and making it necessary to guess at the meaning from the context.

Of one thing, however, these documents give ample proof. It is clear from their frequency and from the variety of subjects with which they deal that the Duke by no means considered his Chancellorship to be a sinecure. He interested himself in all things connected with the University: with appointments, with prizes, with gifts from foreign universities or princes, with matters of discipline (concerning which he took a high-handed military view), as well as with such things as the presentation of addresses from the University to the Queen and so on.

Some of his most characteristic letters

refer to this last named subject. It so happened that on two occasions within a year—almost indeed within six months—the University of Oxford desired to send a deputation to present an address to the Queen. In November, 1841, the heir to the throne, our present King Edward VII., was born, and on that event it was obvious that congratulations should be properly conveyed. Then in the following May an attempt was made by John Francis to shoot Her Majesty, and again the University desired to express their felicitations. The correspondence between my father and the Duke concerning these two presentations of addresses serves well to illustrate the combination of good-feeling with a certain irritable impatience which marked the latter years of this great man, and at the same time gives evidence of his occasional power of using picturesque and vigorous language. For instance, after several letters towards the close of 1841 making appointments to see the Vice-Chancellor and generally arranging matters as to the first congratulatory address, there comes a cordial note dated March 9, 1842, inviting the Vice-Chancellor and all who were to go up from Oxford to present the address to dine

with the Duke. But there was evidently at this time a great pressure of public business, for this note is followed on the 16th of the same month by a long letter, the gist of which may be gathered from the following extracts :

" You appear to me not to be aware how much of my time the University of Oxford occupy by their courtier-like addresses ; the correspondence upon the same ; attendance upon them to present the same, etc. . . .

" You likewise appear to forget that after you and I shall have passed one or two more hours in the discussion of the subjects on which you wish to speak to me, the information which you wish to give me must be stated in writing. I cannot and decline to undertake to convey to the hearing of H.M.'s servants what you convey to me verbally. Business is and can be transacted in writing alone ; and I own that I cannot see the necessity for you and I passing one, two, or three hours in discussing verbally a subject or subjects upon which either or both must write ; and about which neither of us would be employed possibly more than a quarter of an hour !

" If you have anything to communicate to me which cannot or ought not to be put

in writing, I must and will receive you, be the inconvenient consequences what they may; but I beg you to excuse me for declining to receive your visit."

Truly, the letter of a testy and prolix old gentleman—contrasting greatly with many others in a more courteous vein!

Added to the Duke's great pressure of business which led him to write discouragingly at first about the second deputation from Oxford after the unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Queen, was his anxiety concerning Her Majesty's health. Thus, on June 2nd, 1842, he wrote as follows: "Having been a witness of the scene of confusion in St. James' Palace yesterday by the presentation of an address to the Queen by both Houses of Parliament, and of the fatigue of the Queen, I am not exactly in the State of Mind to give you an unbiassed judgment whether you ought or not immediately to address Her Majesty." And on June 7th he further said: "Those Bodies which enjoy the privilege of presenting their Addresses to the Sovereign on the Throne should recollect that the Sovereign is a Human Creature, and may be destroyed by overfatigue as well as by the pistol of the assassin"

—a sentence giving evidence of a power of expression which crops up now and then in the Duke of Wellington's letters, and must in this case be ascribed in great measure to the fervour of his devotion to his youthful sovereign.

Another letter from the Duke written about the same time is worth mentioning as it refers to the appointment to new Professorships of Divinity in the University of Oxford. It is dated April 11th, 1842, and, after mentioning various men as possible nominees, suggests the name of the Provost of Oriel with the following interesting remark:

"If Dr. Hawkins should vacate his situation in Oriel College, it is understood here (London) that Dr. Newman would succeed to the same, which is worthy of attention." Here we get a reference to the Tractarian movement, just started in Oxford, as to which my father's action as Vice-Chancellor is of so much interest that a separate chapter must be given to that subject. The position of Vice-Chancellor, while conferring distinction upon the holder and bringing him into contact with celebrities such as the Duke of Wellington, has great responsibilities and many anxieties. My father did not escape

these. Not only had he to bear the brunt of the action taken with regard to Dr. Pusey, but other troubles cropped up from time to time such as that connected with Dr. Jeune and the Mastership of Pembroke College concerning which there is some correspondence still in existence between him and the Duke of Wellington.

Before entirely leaving all mention of the latter it may amuse those of my readers who have not heard it before to relate a story about him which always amused me greatly. As Chancellor of the University his duty was to read out at the Commemoration the honours awarded to various scholars—and this list was necessarily in Latin. Thus, the Christian name of those christened Charles was, of course, Carŏlus, with a short o. The Duke persisted in reading this name as Carōlus, pronouncing the o *long*, until at last some official, shocked at his ignorance, broke in with "I beg your Grace's pardon, but at Oxford we always call this word Carŏlus." "Oh, very good," replied the Duke, "I'll remember in future." Presently the name Jacōbus occurred, which the Duke boldly read as Jacŏbus, pronouncing the o *short*. Again the don interposed. "I beg your

Grace's humble pardon, but we prefer to call that Latin name Jacōbus." "No! damn it!" said the Duke. "You can't have it always your own way! If your reading of Carōlus is Carŏlus, Jacōbus must be Jacŏbus."

CHAPTER II

OXFORD

Puseyism—Cardinal Newman—Tract 90—The Vice-Chancellor's Action—A letter from the Duke.

AMONG my childish memories is the hearing of continual discussion on what is now termed "The Tractarian Movement," but which I always heard called "Puseyism." I have a box filled with letters from various persons taking different views of the controversy. I may remark that many of those who were warm supporters of Dr. Pusey subsequently joined the Church of Rome. The whole story has been so often described, that I will merely relate the part that my father thought it his duty to take.

As is well known Dr. Pusey, in May, 1843, preached at Christ Church Cathedral a sermon apparently adopting the Roman theory of the Holy Communion. This being an official sermon preached before the University, some of the Heads of Colleges and Professors were much startled at their Protestant Church and State Doctrines being attacked. I imagine that at the present day such opinions in the

pulpit would excite little or no remark—as, except for their rejecting clerical celibacy, and the Papal obedience, the views of the modern extreme High Church clergy approach very closely to those of Roman Catholics—but in 1843 the clerical dovecotes at Oxford were sadly fluttered. I think that Dr. Faussett, Prebendary of Christ Church, was the first to detect Dr. Pusey's heresy. He wrote to my father complaining of the Pusey sacramental theories, and his complaint was succeeded by many others. On being appealed to, my father as Vice-Chancellor had to closely examine these erroneous views. He was a devout and sincere Christian and Churchman, belonging (if to any section) to what used to be called the High and Dry party in the Church, and proud of being the successor of Laud and Juxon as President of St. John's, but he had never given his mind to theological subtleties and took little interest in them. He neither paraded his religion nor talked much of it, but I fancy retained the views instilled into him in childhood, and from that childhood had, I am sure, lived an absolutely blameless and Christian life. Owing to the pressure of all these divines he had to decide on one of the

most difficult of religious doctrines and one that had divided Christendom for upwards of three hundred years. Consulting the University statutes he appointed six learned and reverend doctors of high position in the University to pronounce upon Dr. Pusey's sermon which was delivered to them, and they decided against the preacher, and pronounced his views erroneous.

My father then took the only course open to him and suspended Dr. Pusey from preaching for two years in the University pulpit. This would seem to most people a mild enough sentence, but Dr. Pusey and his followers did not take that view of it, and my father was assailed with all the religious malice of some of the Tractarian party. I say "some" because I have heard him say that the more influential leaders never behaved in this way. I never heard of Dr. Pusey himself uttering one bitter word, and I believe that John Henry Newman—then a clergyman of the Church of England—took no part in these polemics.

I have Cardinal Newman's original letter acknowledging his authorship of the celebrated Tract 90, which caused such general distrust of the Tract writers, and besides the

individual opinions of the six doctors on Dr. Pusey's sermon, I possess that original discourse, and very many letters addressed to my father by private individuals all couched in the strongest language of which an angry cleric is capable. One man wrote of Dr. Pusey as if no such saint or suffering martyr had existed since the days of the Apostles, while my father's Evangelical correspondents blamed the University authorities for their mild treatment of the Popish heretic, all but hinting that he deserved the penalty to which their favourite theologian sentenced Servetus.

Even since my father's death in 1871 I have seen attacks on his memory chiefly by clergymen of the extreme Ritualistic School. I recollect one rather abusive specimen written, I believe, by the late Dean of Winchester in his Life of Dr. Hook. My father though a truly pious man, had rather an aversion to religious controversy and to extreme priestly airs. Before he died, he often foretold that the part he took in the Pusey controversy would be very severely, criticized after his own death and that of Dr. Pusey. This has indeed been the case. My father told me—and it is confirmed by correspondence

in my possession — that the main ground of attack on the University authorities had been that they had acted in an arbitrary fashion in giving Pusey no chance of a reply. From my father's point of view this was unnecessary, as the Board of Doctors was the body appointed by the Statutes to judge such cases, and after they had studied Dr. Pusey's doctrines there could be no more to be said —no explanation could alter their interpretation of his sermon, viz., that it contained opinions at variance with those of the Established Church of which the University of Oxford was then one of the chief pillars. Moreover he continually explained to me that his chief care as Vice-Chancellor was the peace and good discipline of the University.

Can any fair-minded man say that these could have been maintained if Dr. Pusey and his friends were allowed to criticize the sentence. The Tractarian party was led by a body of clergymen who were steeped to the lips in out-of-date theology. To them controversy was the element in which they loved to live, and the contest and arguments would have been based on a few texts of doubtful interpretation, and quite interminable. The whole University would have been divided

into two parties. Some colleges would have been pro-Pusey, others would have sided against him. With the professors it would have been the same. There might have been a Puseyite Proctor and an anti-Pusey Proctor. The very undergraduates would become controversialists from the serious young scholar of distinguished ability down to the budding theologian who defined a Predestinarian as "a man who runs with the hounds." As I said before the letters I possess on this religious question are very numerous. Some are from distinguished politicians and Churchmen like the late Lords Shaftesbury and Coleridge, and dozens of others from less celebrated men. On reading over my father's correspondence, there seems to have been also a hot party fight regarding the granting of an honorary degree to Mr. Everett, a distinguished American, who was accused by the Tractarian party of rejecting the Divinity of Christ. It is hard, nowadays, to understand why this heresy should debar him from an honorary degree as a doctor of civil law. In this struggle I believe that my father and the majority of the University took the liberal and reasonable view of the matter, but in the theatre at the commemoration

I have heard that the dons almost resorted to fisticuffs, and the Vice-Chancellor had to break up the meeting in disgust. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*—I hardly think that such a fight could take place on such a subject in modern Oxford, but when I was a boy things were different.

I tell all the long story of Dr. Pusey which has been related, from a different point of view, by the late Canon Liddon, Dean Church, and others. Personally, I offer no opinion on these points of theology. *Tros Tyriusve mihi*, etc., etc. My business in life has never allowed me time for studying these deep questions.

I give here the opinion of one whom I regard as the greatest Englishman of his day expressed in an official letter to my father. He, I think—though he was no controversialist—may be trusted to take the view adopted (outside the ranks of the clergy) by most common-sense people.

"LONDON,
"*March 16th*, 1841.

"SIR,

"I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 16th instant. The Tracts to

which it relates particularly, the one No. 90, have attracted a great deal of the public attention and I entertain no doubt that the Board have taken a judicious course in warning the youth under their superintendence of the erroneous opinions which that Tract at least contains.

"Your most obedient, faithful, humble servant,

"WELLINGTON.

"The Very Revd. the Vice-Chancellor
of the University,
"St. John's College,
"Oxford."

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL LIFE

Preparatory Schools — Schoolfellows — Harrow — Mr. G. F. Harris—"Home Fagging" and "Slave Driving"—"Whopping."

As I have had the boldness to attempt a history of my life, I will not apologise to my readers if, for the sake of the continuity of my story, I add a few—a very few—words of my school days. In my very early childhood I learned little except Latin. My father, a sound classical scholar, considered classics the most essential of all studies. I often wish I had been taught something which would have been of greater use to me in after life.

After a year or two's instruction by an excellent clergyman and a fellow of St. John's, I was sent at the age of a little over seven and a half to school at Thames Ditton. According to the fashion of those days our treatment was pretty rough. The food was wholesome but decidedly scanty, and the discipline severe. On the whole, the boys

were fairly treated, and we were certainly well taught as far as the knowledge of classics was concerned, and we were also obliged to talk French—though the Parisian accent was not much studied. After less than two years' stay I was removed. I was told that my removal was on account of my having learnt what are now called "swear-words," but this was all a mistake, as I subsequently explained to the satisfaction of my parents.

At that time I had such a passion for learning that I used to dream of the Latin grammar, and in a somnolent state between sleeping and waking I tried to decline the noun "dominus," and the stupid nurse overhearing the first syllable of this substantive mistook it for the well-known British expletive, and reported to my father that I was damning her and the rest of the young family. I was therefore removed and sent to a clergyman's in Staffordshire—who taught me nothing useful but used to give me and another unhappy victim lard instead of butter for breakfast and whacked me with a cursed ebony walking stick which he called "a cane." I don't believe that this parson had a conscience at all. I often now wonder how he could have had the face to take my

father's money and to treat me in the way that he did. My stay in Staffordshire was not long, but, except that at my next place of education I was well taught, I really think that I fell out of the frying-pan into the fire.

I was next sent to a large school in Hertfordshire—supposed to be preparatory for Harrow—and recommended by Dr. Vaughan and other masters of Harrow School. This establishment was kept by a clergyman who certainly was a good scholar, but whom I found to be a very brutal tyrant. By race he or his father was a German Jew, who had conformed to the religion of the Church of England. At this school we were certainly made to learn, and no doubt picked up a good deal of Latin and Greek. This was the one beneficial result of the headmaster's extreme severity. We were badly fed and evidently the place was unhealthy, as there was at that time an outbreak of scarlet fever in the school. I remember one particular form of cruelty of which we were the victims: Even in the hottest weather we were denied the relief of a cup of cold water, and we were caned if in our misery we stole up to our bedrooms to drain the jugs.

Almost all my schoolfellows went on to Harrow, this was also my fate, so that in after life I have continually met them and never have I heard one good word said for our reverend oppressor. No one who had ever experienced his treatment could, I am sure, forget him. He is long dead, but his school still exists, and is, I believe, fairly flourishing. I can only hope that the former master's methods perished with him. He certainly did not adopt the practice, when he embraced the tenets of Christianity.

On one occasion just before the Christmas holidays, taking the opportunity of what we used to call a "break-up supper" (which I admit was contrary to the rules of the school), I was caught leaving my room by the window with the object of smuggling delicacies for the entertainment. This savage pedagogue caned me so brutally for this not very serious offence that I had to be attended by a doctor on my arrival at home. The details of my youthful experiences may no doubt be considered rather trivial, but they may serve to illustrate the treatment to which mere children were subjected fifty years ago, and which old-fashioned people seemed to consider "salutary." I am happy

in believing that the present race of schoolboys lead less miserable lives and receive more considerate treatment.

Among my contemporaries at this school were Valentine Prinsep, the well-known R.A., and the celebrated Captain Arthur G. Smith, late of the Carabiniers, and about the best gentleman steeple-chase rider of his day—a man who, I am sure, never had an enemy. This is saying a good deal, so I will qualify my words by saying that he never deserved to have one. He is my senior, but I hear that to this day his nerve never fails him, and that in Sussex, and, better still, in Leicestershire, where hounds run he will be with them. Several other of my schoolfellows have distinguished themselves in later life.

Before leaving the subject of this school I may mention another considerate proceeding of the before-mentioned divine. One of the boys who was extremely inoffensive, and I think a son of a master at Harrow, was of a very nervous temperament, and had a slight impediment or stuttering in his speech, which of course was increased by an interview with our *Orbilius plagosus* of whom we all stood in terror, and who used to threaten this poor lad that he would cane his stammering out

of him. This, of course, was a doubtful remedy for his affliction—but I have written enough of this man's deeds, and I sincerely hope that the practice of what schoolmasters used to advertise as "old-fashioned discipline" has passed away.

In the year 1852 I was sent to Harrow—to a house called "The Park," the property of Lord Northwick, and tenanted by the late Mr. G. F. Harris, whom I remember well. He was a good-looking man, and though not in orders, had the appearance of a dignified clergyman. Except in what was called "Pupil room"—an apartment devoted to the acquirement of Latin prose and verse—we saw little of our house master. I don't think that we, any of us, loved him, but we respected him and feared him. He was a just man, and we were fairly treated, though he never affected the tender interest in his pupils which masters of the present day seem to cultivate.

Our manners and language were, I fancy, rougher than those of modern schoolboys. Our chief interest in life was reading of cricket, racing, and prize-fighting, and any son of a race-horse owner was an authority on turf matters. We always got hold of a

copy of *Bell's Life*, and in the evenings our favourite reading was the accounts of the prize fights. Our heroes being Harry Broome, Harry Orme, "The Spider," and their contemporaries of the P.R. There was in my time a singular tolerance of an honest fight between two boys, and what was called a "Milling Ground," was set apart for these battles. But the Harrow boys fifty years ago, though fond enough of fighting, disliked publicity on these occasions, and as there was a high-raised wall which formed a sort of gallery for the boys, most really fierce encounters took place in the boarding-houses, where they were seldom interfered with. Indeed, during my stay at Harrow I saw but one public "mill"—both combatants being boys in my house (Mr. Harris's).

Mr. Harris did not trouble our evenings very often, and it was always believed among us that, in his rare visits to our rooms, he was careful to wear creaking shoes and to cough loudly before entering, to give us the opportunity of concealing packs of cards, cribs, highly spiced literature, and other contraband of school regulations, and this made him popular, and was justly considered a most honourable trait in his character.

While at Harrow I made little progress in learning—in fact, I think that I took away with me less Latin and Greek than I brought. Our mathematics were absolutely neglected. My instructor was an old French gentleman who spoke English with a foreign accent, and when explaining the beauties of Euclid was to me almost unintelligible. I had no love of arithmetic, and being idly disposed, I am ashamed to say that when I got to the end of Practice, Rule of Three, or any other rule, I used to begin all over again, and was never discovered by my teacher.

Owing to the "house-fagging" and the system of what used in those days to be called "slave-driving," I had no time to prepare my lessons. I considered and still further consider this fagging and slave-driving an abuse. We were "breakfast fags," "tea fags," "boys of the house," etc., etc., and our duties were to me irksome and unprofitable. I know that my views are unpopular, but I have never found in later life that I benefited morally or physically by having to make toast, boil eggs, keep up fires or fill foot pans (called "toshes" by us), or to run out before I had my breakfast to buy muffins for my older schoolfellows. Of course the masters

approve of fagging, as it saves them a certain expense in servants. *Ils sont fins, ces coquins.* I believe that in any Harrow boarding house the work done by fags could be better accomplished by two steady and unattractive women servants. But they would cost money.

What was called slave-driving was another matter. Any hapless junior boy—as far as I recollect—would be sent off when met in the street by a "slave-driver" to fag for his seniors at cricket or rackets. In fact, in my time a junior hardly had a minute he could call his own. I went to Harrow a fair cricketer, and with a liking for the game. I left it with a loathing for a bat, ball or stumps, which it took me some years to overcome. I always thought and still think that forced recreation is as distasteful as forced study. All boys are sent to school for useful learning, and all boys are not naturally fond of cricket or football, but in my day at Harrow this distaste for out-door games was looked upon as original sin, and only to be overcome by continual doses of the hated "recreation."

Another great abuse, in my opinion, was the delegating by the masters of the power

of corporal punishment to the elder or cleverer boys. This was called "whopping"—and had a two-fold evil effect. It made of the elder boys prigs and tyrants and of the victims slaves and liars. Anyhow, no boy of sixteen or seventeen should be entrusted with such powers at all—certainly not over those only a year or two younger than himself. Boys cannot be expected to act at that age with moderation or discretion. The maintenance of discipline should be left to responsible masters—but this would necessitate more masters and would, like the employment of more maid servants, cost money. *Voilà tout.*

I remember one shameful instance of a "whopping." A boy in my house, whose name I recollect perfectly, but it is perhaps better not to give it—had no particular love for compulsory games, especially football. He was a gentle, harmless lad in the fifth form, and like the rest of us on leaving what was called "bill" (an afternoon muster) was questioned by a monitor as to whether he had been at football that afternoon. The poor wretch took refuge in the only resource of the oppressed and said falsely and wickedly that he *had* been playing. The monitor, it

appeared, was expecting this perversion of the truth, and was waiting eagerly for it. He reported it to the head boy of the school, who was a prime favourite of the headmaster, Dr. Vaughan, and I believed that Dr. Vaughan approved of the proposal, that the delinquent should get what was called a "monitor's whopping." This was carried out in the most brutal manner by the head boy, and I recollect seeing the poor victim's coat, which had been cut in strips by the cane. This same head boy was, I believe, of extraordinary ability, and beloved by the masters, but in after life had to disappear from society altogether. This was the sort of youth selected by Dr. Vaughan to maintain discipline among his younger schoolfellows. Of course, it is very wrong to lie, but which of us has not done so under stress of necessity, and is another schoolboy to be allowed to punish for this fault? Moreover the punishment surely was utterly disproportioned to the offence. I was a little boy, and the bullying by the elders went on unwatched and unreproved.

Happily, some time later this power of the cane committed to schoolboys was in some degree checked by a public exposure of this

abuse. As far as I remember there were two brothers at the school, and the younger was sent for by a monitor and told that for some schoolboy offence he must submit to a "whopping." The elder brother heard of this and explained very clearly to the young tyrant that if he "whopped" his brother he would settle in a similar fashion with him. The would-be "whopper" quickly ran off to his patron, Dr Vaughan, who at once took the part of the monitor and told the brothers that the punishment must be submitted to. I forget exactly how the matter ended, but I believe that the elder brother had to leave the school. The matter was commented on in the daily papers, as the brothers happened to be the sons of a peer, and the outraged sixth-form boy, the son of a well-known judge, the former being moreover both members of the school cricket eleven.

I did not stay long enough at Harrow to have many other recollections. I don't think that I ever had an interview with the head-master pleasant or the reverse. I had once a narrow escape of a flogging. As I took a great interest in "boxing," I one afternoon "cut bill," as we used to call it, *i.e.*, I got some friend to answer my name at the

afternoon roll-call, and I went off with another boy to see a prize-fight at Pinner. We got a fair view of the ring and the combatants, but were very nearly caught when running back to Harrow. This was one of the few days in which I actually enjoyed myself.

We used to sleep in beds that had a hinge below the pillow, and were pushed up into a sort of cupboard by day, and one favourite form of torture was to catch a boy in bed and in an instant to hoist him head downwards into the cupboard; the bedclothes thus fell over his face, and it was only by the happiest chance that a boy was not smothered. I recollect one poor boy being thus rolled up and forgotten who when let down was with great difficulty restored to consciousness. I can't say that my life at Harrow was a happy one, but I suppose that it was no worse than at other large public schools. I am glad that I was sent there, as I have met so many schoolfellows in after life, and it has always been pleasant to see each other again and to feel a bond of camaraderie.

No doubt at the present day matters have improved, but I cannot recollect ever feeling any of that sentiment, so much advertised in these later days, for the "dear old school,"

of "loyalty" to the masters, or for the twaddle about the "school traditions." In the course of my life I have suffered many discomforts, and, I may say, miseries, but nothing has in my opinion equalled the wretchedness of the return to school after the holidays, nor have I ever wished myself again a so-called happy school-boy.

I feel compelled to add that I have had two sons at Harrow in late years, and I have been attacked by them in almost unfilial language for the strictures I have passed upon the school as I knew it over fifty years ago. These young gentlemen assure me that none of the abuses that I have described exists now at Harrow, except, of course, the fagging and the very reprehensible "whopping." They even hint that my memory is at fault. I am quite willing to allow that Harrow has greatly improved since my day. But I retract nothing: what I have written is an absolutely fair narration.

CHAPTER IV

INDIA

Cramming for the Army.—Off to Calcutta.—First news of the meeting.—Panic Sunday.—Lady Canning.

I THINK it was in the year 1854 that my uncle, who had married a daughter of the late Mr. George Lyall, M.P. for the City of London, and one of the directors of the East India Company, got for me an offer of a cadetship in the Bengal Army. My father had always wished me to be a barrister, and I had no particularly military instincts, but as I was the eldest of eight sons the offer was too good to be refused. As I had learnt little or nothing at Harrow my father was not sorry to remove me, and I was sent to an Army tutor in London in the vain hope of my becoming an officer of engineers or artillery. As I was unhappily very slow at learning mathematics I soon gave up all expectations of joining the scientific branches of the Service, and the question arose whether I was to continue longer with this crammer, who had formed a very low estimate of my capacities. The tutor solved the problem by

disappearing in the night, leaving a crop of debts, and the bailiffs in possession.

One of my fellow-pupils here was Mowbray Thompson, afterwards a general of renown, who with Delafosse (also subsequently a general) was one of the two survivors of the massacre at Cawnpore. Mowbray Thompson was, I believe, in some naval service before joining the Army. He was a cheery, good fellow, and could sing a capital song.

Another of the pupils at this establishment was a son of the celebrated Mr. Gully, late M.P. for Pontefract, and a well-known fighting man and bookmaker. During my stay Mr. Gully won the Derby with Andover. He had, if I remember right, another horse in the race, Hermit by name. Baron Rothschild's King Tom running second, and splitting the pair. I shall never forget my disappointment at being prevented at the last moment from going down to see this great race. A day at Epsom being in those days far more enjoyable than in these late years when the crowd is so great.

My parents had always a mania for changing my places of education, and I was now sent to a clergyman in the county of Durham, who is now a well-known and highly respected

residentiary Canon of Durham. I was very happy with this gentleman, who had a most attractive manner and treated us well. He took shooting for his pupils, and there it was under the guidance of a sporting shoemaker that I had my first lessons in shooting, and I may say snaring and poaching. My tutor was a great naturalist, and, in religious views, a strong Protestant, but, I am sure, without any narrowness or bigotry. Unluckily, he had a delicate chest, and had to winter in Algiers, so he handed me over to a neighbour, the Vicar of Hart—a village celebrated for being the birthplace of Voltigeur, Lord Zetland's famous horse, which won the Derby in 1850 and was beaten by the equally famous Flying Dutchman belonging to Lord Eglinton (also a Derby winner), for the York Cup in May, 1851.

My new tutor had a large family of charming daughters, and I left his roof very unwillingly to go to the East India Military College at Addiscombe. This establishment was the reverse of luxurious, but I was fairly happy—I could get leave to go to London every Saturday if any relation by a written invitation asked that favour of the Lieutenant Governor General, Sir Frederick Abbott. I

had a bachelor uncle living in London at that time, and he used to send me the necessary letter of invitation—never expecting, however, to see me. This was all one to me, as I was quite capable of catering for myself, and finding my own amusements. I recollect on one of my visits to London being present with some brother cadets at the Grand Bal Masqué at Covent Garden Theatre when it was burnt down in March, 1856, and the skurry we all had to get back to Addiscombe before parade, as I rather think we had no leave on that occasion. Such were my simple pleasures. I don't remember much more at Addiscombe, where my stay was very short, except that almost all the other cadets had had a regular mathematical education at Wimbledon School and Cheltenham College, and this placed me at a great disadvantage in the competition. I found there only one old Harrow schoolfellow, the late J. C. E. MacNab, who afterwards was appointed to the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry, and was one of the first victims of the mutiny of that regiment at Meerut on May 11th, 1857.

Between the time of my leaving Addiscombe and my departure for India I had to pass for a direct commission, which I did

without much difficulty in February, 1857. In the following two months I chiefly amused myself by hunting, of which I always was passionately fond, having had a pony from my childhood.

I left home for Calcutta on May 3rd, 1857, amid the tears and prayers of my family, all of whom I was happily spared to see again. I sailed the next day on board a fine P. & O. steamer, the *Pera*, commanded by one Captain Soy, for Alexandria, having the usual passengers of one of these steamers—officers for Gibraltar and Malta, Ceylon and China, besides the Anglo-Indians, civil and military, returning from furlough.

I will not weary my readers with a description of the Bay of Biscay, the Rock of Gibraltar or of Malta, that "little military hot house." We found a railway at Alexandria as far as Cairo, and from there we crossed the desert to Suez in the old-fashioned vans—curious vehicles with only one pair of wheels, but driven four in hand. I think the van was supported like a curricle by a sort of bar across the wheelers' backs. Our teams, which were constantly changed, consisted of a good pair of mules for wheelers and entire Arabs for the leaders. I thoroughly enjoyed

this part of my journey, as I managed to get hold of the reins and drove one van all the way. One old lady inside, seeing me driving, had a fit of fear and indignation at "that boy being allowed to drive," but she might have spared her qualms, as I have always been a fair coachman and very fond of it.

I have often since regretted that I did not view more attentively the various interesting sights of Egypt, but at that time I took no interest in such things. I certainly remember, when we stopped at Cairo, going to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx, but they meant nothing to my undeveloped mind, and I cared little for their history. On arriving at Suez I was shipped on board the steamer *Bengal*, commanded by Captain Farquhar. He had his wife on board with him, and I can remember her attractions to this day. I know that one of my fellow-passengers is still alive, a most distinguished Indian General, and I recollect that he was in charge of us cadets but interfered little enough with us. This was Sir J. M. B. Fraser-Tytler, K.C.B., who has seen more hard service than most men, having served in Afghanistan in 1842, in both the Sikh wars (I think on Lord

Gough's staff), and with great distinction in the Indian mutiny as Assistant Quarter-Master-General to General Sir H. Havelock, when he was badly wounded. I met Sir James Tytler some years afterwards in the Bhootan Campaign in 1864-1865, when he commanded the left column to which I was attached, a first-class soldier and most agreeable gentleman; long may he flourish! I recollect also a Colonel Hinde, who had served in the Crimean War in the Turkish Contingent, and was going to rejoin his regiment in India. There was another passenger who distinguished himself at Lucknow—whom we all liked very much—Captain Moorsom, of the 52nd Light Infantry. He was killed in action, I think at Lucknow, and was a great loss to the service.

We had the usual, and more than the usual, heat in the Red Sea—May being one of the hottest months. We landed at Galle, drove to the well-known Walkwallah, and started for Madras, where I recollect that we got drenched on landing in a "Massoolah" boat, and had one of the best breakfasts I ever experienced at the Madras Club. At Galle we were met by the astounding news of the outbreak at Meerut, the mutiny and murders

at Meerut and Delhi, and the evident probability of the mutiny of the whole native army of Bengal. The further we got the worse became the news, and by the time that we arrived in the Hooghly the minds of my Anglo-Indian fellow-passengers were exercised to the utmost by the extreme suddenness of the outbreak, and the terrible uncertainty of the fate of relations and friends. Boy-like, I shared in none of these feelings, and even rejoiced at the prospect of some excitement.

I am bound to say that among the Indian soldiers returning to their duty there appeared to be no feeling of actual panic. They must have heard of the many incendiary fires which took place early in 1857 in Barrackpore, about sixteen miles from Calcutta, but none of them seem to have expected a serious outbreak. It was thought that, although the mutinous spirit had been evidently as bad as possible among the regular regiments of Cavalry and Infantry, the Irregular troops might be trusted. I remember that Colonel Fraser Tytler expressed himself as perfectly confident of the loyalty of the regiment under his command—the 9th Irregular Cavalry—in which confidence he found himself later sadly deceived. Few, at that time, realised the

terrible extent of the outbreak, or expected to hear of the horrors of which "Jack Sepoy" was capable.

I disembarked at Calcutta on June 12th, 1857, two days before the celebrated "Panic Sunday," of which I will shortly give some account. On reaching Fort William my brother cadets and I were sent to the Staff Barracks and had fairly comfortable quarters. We were then known as "un-posted ensigns," and were likely long to remain so, for there were but very few regiments left to which we could be posted. Here it was that I had my first glimpse of the reality of the mutiny, for I saw a native in chains in a cell, who was to be hung the next morning for tampering with the fidelity of the 43rd Bengal Native Light Infantry, which was then quartered in Fort William. I remember noticing that the European sentry who was in charge of the prisoner relieved the dulness of his job by describing with his hand the future action of the rope on the prisoner's neck, finishing up with pressing his thumb under his right ear—a preparatory pantomime in which the poor wretch appeared to take a very languid interest.

On Sunday, June 14th, occurred what was

known in Calcutta as "the great panic," and the day was long remembered as "Panic Sunday." Early that morning a report reached the town that the native regiments at Barrackpore and at Dum Dum—the latter place being only seven miles away—had mutinied and were marching on Calcutta to murder all the Europeans, and to sack the town.

At Barrackpore there were the 2nd Bengal Grenadiers and the 70th Regiment of Native Infantry with their arms, and the remains of the mutinied 19th and 34th Regiments, which had been already disarmed. Dum Dum had been the headquarters of the Bengal Artillery until they were removed to Meerut, and, I believe, still contained several native batteries with guns. Besides these doubtful native troops, there was the 43rd Native Light Infantry in Fort William, and the ex-king of Oudh with a huge retinue of native retainers at Garden Reach, a few miles down the Hooghly.

The existence of all these rebel forces was perfectly well known in Calcutta, and it is not surprising that when it was reported that all these bloodthirsty troops with arms in their hands were marching on the capital a panic ensued. What is

remarkable is the control exhibited by the Europeans even on that "Panic Sunday." I can remember no particular excitement in the streets. I heard afterwards reports of some of the native servants being disrespectful, but I was so young, and so entirely new to Anglo-Indian life, that I remarked no great display of feeling or unusual disturbance, and the demeanour of the natives meant little or nothing to me then. Among the Europeans, especially of the official class, the state of tension must have been terrible, but it was necessary at such times for English men and women to keep their facial barometer at "set fair."

A striking instance of what I mean occurred during the visit (about this time) of Maharajah Scindia to Calcutta. He was liberally entertained and his reception by Lord Canning was especially cordial. In return for the hospitality he had received he issued invitations to a great illuminated fête to be held in the Botanical Gardens. Now it came to the ears of certain officials that it had been absolutely planned that the native soldiery should mutiny that very night, and should begin proceedings by massacring the crowd at the fête. It might be thought that the

entertainment would have been abandoned and a general warning issued. Not a bit of it; the prime movers were arrested, and, in order to impress the natives with British confidence, the fête proceeded as if no plot had ever existed! In connection with this it is fair to state that the Maharajah was in no way implicated, and was a trusty friend to England all through the Mutiny.

But to return to "Panic Sunday." I fancy that during that anxious Sabbath the churches were well attended by many sinners; some fearing that their last hour might come any day, others hoping that the mutinous murderers might consider the Christian places of worship too sacred for a massacre, a hope which was soon belied by the news received of the mutineers' conduct in up-country stations where Sunday (notably at Meerut) was considered an auspicious day for their bloodthirsty horrors. I happened in the month of June to stray into the chief Roman Catholic Church in Calcutta during service time, and I heard the preacher assure his flock that on the sacking of some Roman Church in the North-West Provinces (I think at Agra) the priest in escaping carried with him the Sacred Host, which the Sepoys at once

perceived and spared his life on account of the sanctity of his charge. I remember thinking this a very singular story, and wondering whether the priest really believed the tale that he was pouring into the ears of his congregation.

At that time there was always a great jealousy, and I might almost say ill-feeling, between the mercantile community at Calcutta and the Government officials, consisting of the Bengal Civilians, the Army Staff, and the officers of the different regiments, and the commercial class was always ready to believe anything bad of the official. In consequence of this a report was spread that the whole of the Government secretaries had fled for protection to the steamers in the harbour. Some may have sent their families on board, but, as far as could be proved, few, if any, showed such a forgetfulness of their duty. Against two Britons, however, no one ventured to say a word. Under the most trying circumstances Lord and Lady Canning remained unmoved and showed themselves worthy of their high position. The Governor-General was nicknamed "Clemency Canning" because he refused to listen to the blood-thirsty counsels of the English newspapers, and, as

I think, with excellent judgment silenced their panic-stricken voices by what was known as the "Gagging Act."

A few days after "Panic Sunday" I witnessed a most laughable scene on what might have been a very serious occasion. The 43rd Regiment of Native Infantry in Fort William had behaved perfectly well and had shown no signs of a mutinous spirit, but the Government very properly resolved that, as a measure of precaution, they should have their arms taken away from them. For this purpose a wing of Her Majesty's 53rd Foot was ordered into the fort to disarm the Sepoys. Fort William is of immense extent, containing besides several barracks a large drill ground, a church, and numerous spacious Government offices. It is surrounded by a wide moat, and access to the fort can only be obtained by several narrow drawbridges of a width just sufficient to enable one vehicle to pass at a time. When it was known that this disarming was to take place almost all the European community that owned a carriage, having somewhat overcome their terrors, turned out to see the fun and ordered their coachmen to drive to Fort William. Their ingress was easy enough—*Sed revocare gradum*—and they

obtained the best places available. I, with my brother ensigns, were looking on the scene from a balcony in the barracks. I must here explain that, when Indian native regiments were on parade, the words of command were always given in English, which were hardly understood by the Sepoys, and were only obeyed quite mechanically from long practice.

In those days (before the long-winded titles such as "The Sherwood Foresters Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment" or "Princess Charlotte of Wales' Royal Berkshire Regiment" were invented) when regiments were in brigade, the usual custom of each regimental commanding officer was to prefix the word of command by the *number* of the regiment, *e.g.*, "*Twenty-fifth* will advance" or "*Thirtieth* will retire," etc., so that there should be no confusion in commands given to a neighbouring regiment. On this occasion the 43rd Native Light Infantry was drawn up in column with their arms, but I suppose with empty pouches, and opposite to them were the wing of the 53rd Foot, with, of course, ball cartridge to load. I think that this wing was commanded by Major English or Major Clarke, and when he gave his word of command, "Fifty-third with ball cartridge

—load," the Sepoys, unable to distinguish between the words "Fifty-third" and "Forty-third," mechanically put their hands to their pouches and then to their mouths (to bite the cartridge), and went through the movements of loading. All at once loud cries rose from the spectators in carriages—in English and Hindustani—to the coachmen "Turn round," "Go on," "Gallop," etc., etc., "Chulo," "Chabookmaro,"* and other pressing commands. The consequence was some vehicles charged into each other, and they all tried to get at once to the drawbridges. Long before these were reached the roads were blocked by horses, carriages, foot-people, and a cursing and swearing mass of humanity. How they all got out I never knew; the fright was causeless, the Sepoys had no intention whatever of mutinying, and piled their arms quietly, gazing mildly at the terror of the "Sahib logue."

On the night that the Government determined to secure the King of Oudh, Mr. Edmondstone, afterwards Sir G. Edmonstone and Governor of the North-West Provinces, was sent to take His Majesty. This he

* "Go on." "Use your whip."

effected without resistance at Garden Reach that same night. I do not know what troops accompanied him as escort, but there was, I believe, no disturbance except what was caused by the cries of the ladies belonging to the Royal Seraglio. I remember that I and another officer—I think a Mr. Bird Allen of the 2nd Bengal Grenadiers—stayed with Mrs. Edmonstone that evening till her husband's safe return in the morning. She was a most charming woman, and very kind and hospitable to a poor ensign like myself. She died I think not many years later, and I never saw her or Sir George again.

My friends at home had provided me with a sheaf of letters of introduction to various people in Calcutta—more, indeed, than I could ever hope to deliver. In those days these introductions were of great service, as the kindness and hospitality of the Anglo-Indians to any young officer were unbounded. I only regret not having made more use of my opportunities, but this was owing to a constitutional shyness which I have found a great difficulty in shaking off.

Amongst these letters I had several to the Governor-General, and received great kindness from him and Lady Canning. Though

not then in her first youth, she was, I thought, quite beautiful, and her charm of manner equalled that of her person. The few times I dined at Government House there were only two or three guests. Generally the A.D.C., Lord Dunkellin, and one or two officers of the Body Guard. Those were not times for much festivity.

But of all the friends that I made in those days in Calcutta I have the pleasantest recollection of Major Montague Turnbull (commonly called "Monty") and his wife. Mrs. Turnbull was the daughter of the celebrated author, Mr. Apperly, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Nimrod," and whose works are still read with interest by all lovers of hunting, racing, and driving. Mrs. Turnbull was a first-rate horse-woman, and was considered in those days to be more than necessarily fond of the stable and stable talk. Major Turnbull was a universal favourite, devoted to racing and the life and soul of the Calcutta Turf Club. He belonged to the 7th Light Cavalry, and had some appointment as superintendent of army clothing in Calcutta. I often met him in after years, generally at Goodwood, Brighton, or Lewes races; but he, like most of my Indian friends, has been

dead some years. He made himself very popular as commandant of the Calcutta Volunteer Cavalry, a most valuable body in those troublesome times, and with the Volunteer Infantry no doubt the salvation of the Presidency. I recollect little more of my stay in Fort William except that I bought a horse. After a short time I was with several other young officers ordered to the Musketry depôt at Dum Dum, where we hired bungalows and lived at the Artillery Mess.

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CHAPTER V

INDIA

Captain Richardson — The B.Y.C. — The British German Legion—Alipore—An Incident at Barrackpore —Patua—Goruckpore.

It was at the beginning of July that a regiment of European cavalry was raised by an Indigo planter in the Benares district. At first I believe that the nucleus was formed by planters and others who found the necessity of combining should they be attacked by the mutinous troops. Lord Canning took a great interest in this corps, and appointed to the command a well-known *beau sabreur* of the Indian Army—Captain J. F. Richardson—afterwards Major-General J. F. Richardson, C.B. This officer was the commandant of the 8th Irregular Cavalry, and much devoted to his regiment. He had been on leave in England, and heard to his disgust on reaching Calcutta of the defection of his fine and much-trusted cavalry men. No better choice could have been made. His romantic gallantry was well known. He had led a forlorn hope at the siege of Mooltan in the second Sikh

war, and I am afraid to say how many wounds he received from sabre cuts. As a last chance of saving his life he held up the body of a dead Sikh to ward off the blows of his assailants. He never, in my hearing, talked of this exploit, but it was well known in General Whish's army. I was told that in a confidential moment he had been heard to say that, when in hospital, he could, through his skull, by means of a looking-glass, see his own brain. He was over six feet high, remarkably handsome and with a geniality and *bonhomie* which was certain to succeed with the rather difficult class of recruits that he had to break in.

Most of these had received a fair, some a superior, education. There were three or four broken officers in the ranks, who had lost their commissions through nothing more disgraceful than too great a love of liquor. Besides these there were Indigo planters and their assistants, clerks and uncovenanted civilians, several foreigners, a few old soldiers, and one troop composed almost entirely of sailors. I think that altogether there were three hundred men to be drilled and mounted.

They had also to be provided with a kit, and, as the whole thing was extremely

hurried, this was an additional difficulty. The uniform was the joint invention of Lord Canning and Captain Richardson, and was not particularly attractive. The full dress consisted of a tunic of French grey with dark blue facings and black lace, overalls the same colour as the tunic, belts of black leather with silver mountings, and pouches ornamented with the cipher "B.Y.C." in silver for the officers and in steel for the men. The full-dress headpiece was a warlike helmet covered with black cloth, and surmounted by a bronze lion couchant instead of a plume. This already rather heavy headgear was surrounded by a thick scarlet turban, which, though it added to the weight, was certainly effective in resisting a sword-cut. The undress garb for marching and every-day use was a dark blue flannel blouse, brown corduroy breeches, jack-boots, and brown belts.

The horse furniture did not accord very well with the rest of the kit. Probably most of my readers will have forgotten (if indeed they ever realised) the proposal made towards the end of the Crimean War to raise a British German Legion. This regiment never, to the best of my belief, had a corporate existence, but its accoutrements, etc., were all made

ready for its birth. As is sometimes the case in the best-regulated families the preparations made for the arrival of one little stranger have to be put away until the advent of the next. So it was that we came to be served out with the bridles, saddles and shabracques of the British German Legion! The saddles and bridles, if rather heavy, were plain enough and workmanlike, but the dark-blue shabracques were an utter incongruity, being ornamented with the letters "B.G.L." in gold or yellow lace. I used consequently to think that the men looked far better in "stripped" saddles without these blue and yellow trimmings.

With regard to the horses, they were both dear and scarce. One great advantage, however, we possessed in the fact that Captain Richardson was an admirable judge of a horse, and not only knew a good one at once, but was able to reject both speedily and decisively any animal that was unfit for the job, however well it had been faked up by the would-be vendor. We were thus saved much trouble and delay, and the remounts proved far better than might otherwise have been expected.

To the best of my recollection three out of

four troops were mounted on what were called "Stud-breds." These were horses drafted from the great Government breeding studs at Poosah, Hissar, Haupper, and other places. In these establishments British or Arab stallions are generally used, the dams being what are called "country-bred" mares. The drafts from these places were usually given to the ten regiments of old Bengal Light Infantry, who, though very picturesque and smart-looking in their French-grey uniform with orange facings, were not (so I have understood) very enterprising on a campaign, and were certainly the beginners of the outbreak at Meerut.

The Irregular Troopers, if not much more "faithful to their salt" than the Bengal Light Cavalry, were infinitely more formidable as enemies, carrying sharp native sabres and being mounted on country-bred horses over which the severe native bits gave them absolute control. They held another advantage over the Light Cavalry men in as much as they wore uniforms which were easy and cut in native fashion, while the latter were dressed in European tunics in which they felt awkward, and looked a ridiculous caricature of Light Dragoons.

I never saw a regiment of the old Bengal Light Cavalry, but in June, 1857, I used to see the Governor-General escorted about Calcutta by his "Body Guard," consisting of a couple of squadrons of native dragoons drawn from the regiments of light cavalry, but dressed in scarlet with a uniform not unlike that of the 16th Lancers. They were beautifully mounted on bay horses, and very smart in horsemanship and appearance, but they were proved to be mutineers at heart, and it was thought necessary to disarm them. When I saw them they were commanded by Colonel W. Anstruther Thomson, a Bengal officer and a brother of the well-known Jack Thomson who hunted the Bicester, Pytchley, and Fife countries.

But to return to the subject of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, I may say that one troop was mounted on the hardy cob-like Cabulee horses, which, though seldom reaching fifteen hands and of rather savage tempers, possessed more endurance than the "Stud-breds." As a matter of fact, when the Light Cavalry ceased to exist, having disbanded themselves, these last-mentioned horses were seldom purchased except for harness purposes.

The chief difficulty was, of course, to

provide suitable officers. A second in command to Captain Richardson was appointed, and it was decided that the troop officers were to be elected by the N.C. officers and men. This seemed a singular arrangement, but it did not work so badly as might have been expected.

I had long been applying to be attached to some regiment going up country to join General Havelock's force, but in spite of my persistent obsessions I was always told that I was too young, being only a few months over seventeen. At last on one occasion, when dining at Government House, I made my request point blank to the Governor-General. After some demur he said that he would speak to the Commander-in-Chief, at that time Sir Patrick Grant, and I was appointed to my great joy as a Supernumerary Cornet to the regiment that I have just described, which was designated the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry. Nine other young unposted officers of the Bengal Army were appointed, and of that lot I believe that I am the only survivor. Three were killed in action. One died of cholera in service, and I do not remember the fate of any other but one, the late Captain F. A. Bertie, son of the

Honourable and Reverend F. Bertie, Rector of Albury, near Thame, and a friend of my family, who died in Oxfordshire some years ago, and was a most gallant soldier.

We were ordered to join this singular regiment at Alipore or Kidderpore, where our barracks had been improvised by turning out a school of officers' orphan daughters, who were sent to a neighbouring building where the school authorities used to give monthly dances to which we were often invited. These young ladies were either natural daughters of commissioned officers, or the lawful offspring of sergeants. Most were quite fair and European in appearance, but many had the dark rich colouring of Bengal. Some were very pretty, and all affable to a degree, and apparently ready to exchange their school life for a married one. They were reassured by our proximity, as it gave them a feeling of protection in case of the mutiny of the Governor-General's Body Guard who were in quarters close by. I have never heard of any serious love affair between those young ladies and our men, though it may have been a trying period for many, but the times were, I suppose, too gloomy for such thoughts.

We were kept continually at sword exercise and riding-school for about six weeks when it was announced that we were to be inspected by the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, just arrived from England. We paraded and went through several movements on the Maidan to the satisfaction of his Excellency, who complimented us in a Scotch accent without inspecting us too closely. I made rather an unlucky display on that day. I was riding a troop horse called a Katiawar. He was white with pink eyes and very showy in the eyes of the natives, but when in the neighbourhood of the softer sex was decidedly pugnacious. I don't know whether one of Sir C. Campbell's staff was riding a mare or not, but my warlike mount suddenly carried me, with his mouth open and his tail on end, straight for the inspecting group. I just stopped him before reaching the Commander-in-Chief, but was much mortified by the exhibition of myself that I had made. On reaching the barracks I at once handed over this infernal savage to our veterinary officer for treatment.

The animal was returned to me in a month, a better and much more useful horse.

When at these barracks in the neighbourhood

of Calcutta I heard continual stories of the mutineers when captured being blown away from guns. The culprit was bound to the muzzle of a good-sized cannon loaded with a blank cartridge which when fired blew the poor devil to atoms. I heard one ghastly story, which I do not vouch for. At one of these execution parades at Barrackpore two ladies carefully veiled on white horses, and dressed in white (the usual dress of Anglo-Indians in summer) made several efforts to get near the guns but were turned back several times by the officers. Just before the guns fired they eluded all efforts to stop them, and got up close to the doomed sepoys. No sooner had the gun fired than they galloped off, their habits and horses splashed all over with blood, and, as it was described, their horses looked like red roans. No one discovered who they were, but it was supposed that they had lost husbands or brothers in the up-country mutinies and had "glutted their ire" in this savage proceeding.

During July, 1857, we were continually in hopes of being sent up the country to join General Havelock's force, and continually disappointed, as the Commander-in-Chief considered, with some reason, that the Bengal

Yeomanry Cavalry was not sufficiently strong or sufficiently disciplined for active service. Owing, however, to the untiring efforts of Richardson and his personal popularity the discipline improved, and recruits poured in.

I think it was in August that we were ordered to move and started by train for Raneegunge, at that time the extreme limit of the railway to the North-West Provinces. At this place we found, I think, the 13th Prince Albert's Light Infantry, and a battalion of Madras Rifles, also the 32nd Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry to which, curiously enough, I was afterwards gazetted. To the two former battalions, with the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, was allotted the duty of disarming the 32nd, a very fine body of men, but of course trusted by nobody in those times, particularly as four companies had mutinied in the Santhal district, killing one officer, Lieutenant Astley Cooper. Two other officers of the 32nd had been murdered by the mutineers of other regiments. Captain Douglas, commanding the King of Delhi's palace Guards, was killed in the royal palace at Delhi, and a brother of Lord Huntingdon, Major the Honourable E. P. R. H. Hastings, lost his life at one of the Government Studs

in Bengal. The four mutinied companies of my old regiment distinguished themselves—though in a bad cause—by their obstinate gallantry when fighting against us, and were nearly made famous by an unsuccessful attempt to capture Sir Colin Campbell and his staff near Sherghotty on the Grand Trunk Road when proceeding in dâk gharries up country. The 32nd made no resistance to the disarming troops, and, that operation over, the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry started for the North-West.

I cannot say how many hundred miles we marched yet never came in touch with the enemy. I forget all the routes, but I know that we got to Patna, a nursery of Mussulman fanaticism, to the great joy of the Europeans there. There was considerable excuse for their joy, inasmuch as the neighbourhood was mutinous to a notorious degree. Patna is the great Mahommedan city of Bengal, as distinguished from the North-West Provinces. It is situated on the Ganges and has an enormous and fanatical native population, controlled in 1857 by the neighbouring station of Dinapore, garrisoned by three regiments of Native Infantry and a certain amount of artillery.

When the native regiments at Dinapore broke into mutiny the station was commanded by an old and incompetent general who had contrived to mismanage things completely. Not far from Patna there lived a powerful but disaffected landowner named Kooer Singh, who, assisted by the mutineers, caused two ambuscades to be set for the British troops, with disastrous effect on both occasions. In one instance a detachment of the 10th Foot was almost annihilated, and in the other the 35th Foot suffered severely. Far different were the results of the well-known Siege of Arrah in the Patna district, when a few railway engineers under Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, and Wake, of the Civil Service, defended themselves with success against assailants who outnumbered them by ten to one. Yet another interest attaches to Patna, for it was in its neighbourhood that, in June, 1757, was fought the great battle of Plassy, on the anniversary of which the mutinous Bengal Army hoped finally to throw off the British yoke.

After leaving here we went on to Mozufferpore, the capital of the indigo planting district. This I thought one of the pleasantest places I had seen in India. There were

dozens of indigo factories in the district owned by the jolliest and most hospitable set of Britons it ever was my luck to meet—the indigo planters of Tirhoot. They seemed to regard the mutinies with great philosophy, and I remember got up a ball for the officers of the regiment. I also recollect that we were present at the Mozufferpore races. At the ball there was certainly a scarcity of ladies—only a few resolute spirits braved the dangers of those times; but what delights Venus denied us Bacchus supplied, for the champagne was abundant, and I am sure that we left that district with regret.

The other details of our wanderings would not interest the reader, but I think that it was in January, 1858, that we were ordered to join a force in the Goruckpore district commanded by a fine old soldier, Brigadier F. Rowcroft, C.B. Here we met again H.M. 13th Light Infantry, commanded by Lord Mark Kerr—fresh from their bloody fight at Azimghur—and among the officers of that regiment I found one or two old Harrow schoolfellows. I particularly recollect Shafto Adair who was in Mr. Harris's house, and was universally popular both at Harrow and in his regiment. Lord M. Kerr

was a most gallant soldier but rather excitable and eccentric. He had a rooted objection to any covering for his head, and to the use of the stirrups when mounted, and he certainly could ride very well without them. I remember also Major Cox who, I think, had been with another veteran officer, Captain Straubensee, at the siege of Jellalabad, when the 13th so distinguished themselves. Major Cox was a great favourite with every one, as was also Captain Everett, afterwards master of the South Wilts hounds, whom I used to know very well, and who died only a year or two ago.

Besides the 13th, we found in the brigade the crew of H.M.S. *Pearl*, commanded by Captain Sotheby, who were indeed a tower of strength to us, though their guns would have been of more service had they been a little heavier. We soon made friends with the sailor officers. I recollect particularly the First Lieutenant, N. Turnour, whom we all liked, and several middies, Foote, Maquay, the Honourable V. Montagu, Lord C. Scott, and Stephenson—the last looking like a schoolboy. I think that Montagu retired as an admiral, and that he published an account of this campaign, and the two last have risen

to very high positions in the Navy. Besides these, no one of that force can forget Lieutenant F. G. Pym, of the R.M. Light Infantry. His command only consisted of about thirty or forty men, but they were always sent to the front when the force was engaged, and they were the admiration of all. We had also one or two companies of faithful Sikhs, commanded by Lieutenant Burlton, of (I think) the 40th Regiment Native Infantry that had mutinied at Dinapore. I observed that there was considerable rivalry between him and Pym as to which should be first—the Marines or the Sikhs.

CHAPTER VI

INDIA

First Engagement of the B.Y.C.—The Battle of Amorha—Summer Quarter of Bustee—Sick Leave—Save the Grog—General Brasyer—Nano Sahib—A Vindication.

THE first time that the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry was really engaged was in trying to take a fort called Belwah. This was a native fort of the usual Oudh type, slightly raised from a flat plain of paddy fields and surrounded by an extremely thick bamboo plantation. For the benefit of those who do not know India I may explain that these belts of bamboos are almost impenetrable even by cannon shot. A bullet goes through them leaving no more aperture than a needle in piercing a blanket, so that the only way to take forts thus protected is by a plunging fire of shells to reach the garrison over the tops of the bamboos. This will account for the fact that our few guns hammered away at Belwah for hours but made no impression. This was not very exciting work for us Cavalry men, who had to sit on our horses

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to be fired at, just moving occasionally to right or left as the enemy got our range. I recollect that a trumpeter was killed close to me, and I suppose this made an impression upon me, for even at this distance of time I remember that his name was Ball. Our total casualties were, however, very few. At last we gave the thing up as a bad job, and returned to our camp at a place called Amorha *re infectâ*. This was another place, situated amid vast fields of rice, presenting all the flatness and general appearance of a great plain. Here on the 5th of March was fought the Battle of Amorha. Our force consisted, if my memory serves me right, of about eleven hundred Europeans, forty Sikh Infantry, and two regiments of Nepaulese belonging to Jung Bahadoor. These latter were not of much account as they were armed with old pattern muskets, while their officers were uninstructed and the men undisciplined. They were brave enough, and led very gallantly by two British officers, Majors Brooks and Macgregor, but their arms were extraordinarily inferior. They joined us a day or two before the battle.

We were encamped on two sides of a road, and in the early morning of the 5th were all

seated at breakfast in the mess tent, when a sudden alarm brought us out quickly to ascertain the cause. Two troopers had just come galloping in, their horses covered with sweat, from the mounted picquets on our right and left front respectively. They brought word that the enemy, at least ten thousand strong, were advancing upon us. They described them as coming in dense masses of infantry preceded by cavalry in succession of troops, while in the rear were numerous elephants carrying howdahs, in which, no doubt, were seated the rebel rajahs, and, I imagine, the commanding general. In most Oriental armies the generals in command are in the rear so as to be able to make an early escape in case of disaster. "The higher the rank the further behind" seems to be their accepted motto.

But to return to my story. I need hardly say that our meal came to a hasty conclusion, while the trumpets sounded for the men to fall in, and all of us were hurriedly preparing for action. Troop after troop was ordered to the front of the camp, and we were soon in line, the guns in the centre and the cavalry on the flanks, with one troop covering the guns. For six hours the battle raged, and

everyone of our four troops of the Bengal Yeomanry had a charge to itself and did great execution. It is difficult at this distance of time to record all one's sensations at such a moment, though, of course, I remember well the exciting instant when it came to our turn. My troop consisted of sailors who had been enlisted in the Calcutta bazaars. Bold as lions, their hearts were in the right place, but that is more than could be said of the rest of their persons in many cases, for their seats on horseback were not of the most secure! The result was that after we had put our foes to flight there were many empty saddles that did not owe their emptiness to shot or shell. I fear that many lost their lives through parting company with their horses and getting shot by the enemy's infantry. For my own part I have a vivid recollection of the rush and noise of the charge, but as usual in India it was impossible to see very much for the clouds of dust stirred up by the feet of the galloping horses. From time to time a dark evil-looking face would appear through the dust coming to close quarters with me, and I think that I managed to give one or two a useful wipe on the head. There was, of course, a great deal of excitement

at the moment, but, though I can't say that I felt any fear, yet I was distinctly anxious to rejoin the body of the troop, which, as must always be the case after cavalry charges, was pretty well scattered, and had to be re-assembled by trumpet call. We lost a few officers and a good many men, but our casualties were not nearly so heavy as those of the enemy, whom we finally succeeded in driving back.

After this we were left in peace for a few weeks, guarding the Goruckpore district from the incursion of the mutinied Oude regiments. Our duties were monotonous but severe. The heat was intense, and we had to dig out the ground of the tents and live two or three feet below the surface to escape the excessive heat. About this time Lord Clyde (as he had become) took Lucknow, and as might be expected, the beaten rebels bore down upon us in great force, crossing the Gogra at Fyzabad. We were twice very boldly attacked in April, and had the greatest difficulty in holding our own, in fact I suspect that the fighting necessities of our force were greater than those of the great army that finally took Lucknow. The second attack occurred on April 17th, and the fighting was pretty

sharp. My troop or squadron consisted of about seventy sabres led by five officers, out of which two officers were killed and two wounded, but Captain Richardson, who commanded us, was untouched. I was slightly wounded in two places—on the hand by a bayonet thrust, and on the head by the butt end of a musket. My horse had fallen with me, and a Sepoy caught me on the bare skull, which, fortunately, happened to be made of a very resisting material. We fought another battle on April 26th, and though we were successful in driving off the rebels, we had to retire some twenty miles to the rear and entrench ourselves—a thing that we had never done before.

About May we retired to summer quarters at Bustee and amused ourselves as well as we could, having been by that time strongly reinforced. Amongst other ways of killing time, while we were hutted here for the rainy season, I remember that we organized ourselves with theatricals of the usual type of drama pleasing to the military mind, such as "Bombastes Furioso," "Betsy Baker," and the "Area Belle."

Our time was, however, much taken up by really hard and irksome duty. There was

a constant succession of patrols by night and picquets by day, and while we were in camp every officer of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry had patrol or picquet duty every three days, and sometimes oftener. Picquet duty consisted in remaining in command of twenty or thirty troopers, posting vedettes every three hours, and getting through the rest of the day by groaning at the heat, cold, or rain, of which evils the first was the most insupportable, and that man was lucky who found it possible to take up a position beneath a shady tree.

I was only once attacked when thus employed, and that happened just before the fight of April 17th, which I mentioned above. As a rule an officer's duties when on picquet work are not arduous, and when attacked are simple. He has only to send a trooper at full gallop into camp with the news, and then to mount his men and slowly retire, facing about at intervals to show a front to the enemy. All this I performed on this occasion entirely to my own satisfaction!

Patrol duties are far harder. Each of us junior officers had every second or third night to take command of about twenty troopers and to patrol the roads and practicable country in a given direction for three or

more hours. I have often fallen asleep supported only by my holster pipes when on this duty, though my conscience reminded me how much the safety of the sleeping camp depended on the vigilance of the patrolling party. I have when thus engaged occasionally come across the cavalry patrols of the enemy, when my rather undisciplined command often longed to charge them, but I always succeeded in preventing this, my orders being strict and clear, never to fight unless attacked.

After being for some time at Bustee I fell sick and had to go on leave to Goruckpore—about forty miles off—travelling in a palki or palanquin. About half way the bearers, who had been pressed very unwillingly into my service, woke me up in a village and told me that there was a body of mutinous Sepoys in the neighbourhood, and that they would have to leave me. This was a very unpleasant situation, as I was ill and helpless, but I persuaded one of the bearers to go and fetch the head man of a village near at hand. This official soon arrived. He was fairly civil, but gave me to understand that he could give me no protection against being attacked by mutineers. I think I lay in my palki all

night the prey of painful forebodings and was sincerely thankful in the morning to find my original team of eight bearers returned, who with many groaning chants jogged me on to my destination, where I was most hospitably treated by Mr. I. F. Lumsden, of the Civil Service. I may add that I soon recovered my health here sufficiently to enjoy some capital duck shooting on the Jheel, *Anglice* Lake.

Soon after my return to camp or rather the huts where the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry was quartered, we recommenced our campaign. We had continual slight engagements between our detachments and wandering parties of Sepoys, but the next serious business in which I was engaged was our attack on the rebel fort of Jugdeespore. Lord Mark Kerr was in command of a mixed force, and after a long march through thick jungle our guns opened on the fort. After hard firing for six or eight hours we could make no impression. No storming party could have succeeded under the heavy fire to which we were exposed. In the distance we saw a strong body of the enemy with a battery of horse artillery, which soon got our range and did much mischief. Lord Mark, who seemed

to me to be exposing himself quite unnecessarily, got a bullet in his leg which certainly influenced his speech and tried his temper. At last it was resolved to retire and a very nasty job it was, as we were encumbered with baggage, ammunition wagons, etc., besides (I think) four guns. We had to take the route by which we came—a narrow path with just room for the guns and wagons and the jungle lined on both sides, at a distance of about one hundred yards by the enemy's foot.

The 13th Light Infantry and the Sikhs that were with us opened out, and were with my troop the sole protection of the retiring column. It was my ill luck to be on duty with the rear guard that day. I forget who was in command, but he was soon *hors de combat* from a wound or sunstroke, and I was left in charge of a troop of our Yeomanry Cavalry, and ordered to see the last of the baggage carts over a small stream, with steep shelving banks, that had to be crossed. This was, of course, to be done under a heavy fire and within hearing of the triumphant shouts of the enemy. Most of the carts had got safely across, but there remained one object which caused the greatest anxiety to the British soldiers—the camel carrying two

barrels of Commissariat rum—the supply for all the force. By sad luck the camel was knocked over in the stream by a roundshot, and the possible loss of the rum roused the European soldiers to despair. "Save the grog" was their cry, and they broke open one cask and helped themselves and each other. They were tired and hungry, and the spirit soon took effect. I saw all this, and I think I never was in a worse fix in my life. Remember, I was only eighteen. I knew how valuable the liquor was, and yet that if the other cask was drunk, half the men would be uncontrollable, so I ordered a steady sergeant to smash it with his carbine and let the liquor flow to Jehannum. On this being done, some of the men swore they would shoot me, and cursed my interference, as they called it, but on reporting the matter to Lord Mark he said that I had done perfectly right, though I am sure that I never saw good liquor wasted with greater regret. We got in time to our camp with some loss, and I don't think that Jugdeespore fort was ever again attacked.

A day or two before Christmas we had a tough nut to crack in the fortress of Toolseepore. I cannot recollect much of the details

except that some particular regiment (I think the 13th) was told off for the post of honour and to lead the assault, but that after heavy cannonading when the breach was just practicable, Her Majesty's 53rd Regiment, a very gallant corps, could not be restrained, dashed in and took the fort against all orders or expectations. After this exploit our Brigadier (Rowcroft) thought we might take it easy and keep our Christmas comfortably, but on Christmas Eve General Sir Hope Grant arrived, and ordered us off in pursuit of the late garrison of Toolseepore without the enjoyment of our Christmas dinner.

This brings me to the end of my recollections of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry. It was an excellent experience for a young soldier, and I have always been glad to have served under so distinguished a man as Richardson. He died in 1900, having risen to the rank of Major-General. After his death the *Times* published a very laudatory notice of his career. By that account I am reminded that he first served in the 49th Bengal Infantry and was present at the siege of Multan in 1848, and in the night attack of September 19th in that year.

Malleson, the eminent historian, states that

the gallantry of that attack is "illustrated by the splendid valour of Lieutenant Richardson," who was carried from the combat after receiving seventeen wounds. Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, of that day, sent the young officer the following autograph letter:

"MY DEAR MR. RICHARDSON,

Your heroic conduct at the late attack upon the enemy's position before Multan is the universal theme of praise, and I cannot deny myself the gratification of assuring you, under my own hand, how highly I admire your conduct, and how anxious I am to prove this by requesting you to let me know how I can best serve you, or what appointment would best suit you. I rejoice to hear that your wounds are doing so well.

Believe me, always very sincerely yours,

"GOUGH."

In 1849 Lieutenant Richardson received the appointment he had greatly coveted, viz., that of Adjutant of the 10th Irregular Cavalry, and from that time onwards he was reckoned as one of the most dashing cavalry officers of the Indian Army. He served in the Burmese War of 1854-56, besides which he led the Bengal Yeomanry in the Mutiny, as I have already described.

He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, notably on one occasion when he led a troop of his regiment, which killed sixty rebels and captured a six-pounder gun, Richardson himself killing six of the enemy in the charge. These services gained him his majority, and the Companionship of the Bath, while the Viceroy (Lord Canning) sent him a highly complimentary autograph letter. His last appointment was the command of the 6th (P.W.O.) Bengal Cavalry, which he held for twenty years. Such was the man under whose orders I was fortunate enough to see my first service.

Early in 1859, I was transferred to the Ferozepore Regiment of Sikhs commanded by the late Major General Brasyer, C.B., at that time Major Brasyer. This was one of the native regiments that had distinguished itself by its bravery and fidelity under very trying circumstances, and was said to have saved Allahabad, by its conduct, from falling into the hands of the mutineers. No doubt this was partly owing to the exceptional gifts of Brasyer, whose calm, resolute nature, and thorough knowledge of the native character made him the man of all others to control the Sikh warriors. He had originally

been a private soldier in the Bengal Artillery, and no commission was ever better bestowed than on him. I liked him very much. His only weakness was his dislike of other English officers being appointed to his regiment. His great aim was to keep all the power in his own hands. He led this regiment at (I think) the taking of the Kaiserbagh at Lucknow, when the Sikhs loaded themselves with glory and loot. Major General Brasyer lived to a good old age, and must have died very rich. He was unmarried and had no relations that I ever heard of. I don't know what became of his wealth, but I hope it went to relieve the taxpayers. Brasyer was the simplest and most modest of men, and, perhaps owing to this modesty never obtained half the credit due to him.

The first six months of 1859 were most wearisome. The mutineers were broken up into small parties, and were continually escaping over the frontier into Nepaul territory. This was under the rule of a friendly rajah, Jung Bahadoor, but his subjects were certainly not interested in helping the British troops to catch the mutineers. The Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry and the Ferozepore

Regiment of Sikhs were almost the very last regiments to be recalled from Oudh and the frontier, and, as we know on good authority that the infamous Nana Sahib of Bithoor was with one party of rebels not far from us, we were all keen enough at first in what proved a most disappointing chase. Every exertion was in vain. We were continually told by spies that he was close before us, but though occasionally the nest seemed warm the bird had invariably flown. Every commanding officer or accompanying civilian was naturally most anxious for the glory of being the captor of this scoundrel, and I know that one distinguished officer (whom I will not name) in his extreme zeal, actually offered, through spies, certain terms to this arch-murderer. What these were I never heard, but it was a very rash bit of diplomacy, for every officer commanding a detachment serving on the Nepaul frontier in 1859 had the strictest orders that should the Nana surrender himself in reliance on the above-mentioned offer he should be promised twelve or twenty-four hours' start, and kicked out of camp. When I visited Cawnpore some two years after the massacre and gazed at the famous well, my regrets were bitter

indeed that the Mahratta butcher had never met with his deserts.

After these unavailing efforts to catch the Nana, the regiment was ordered to Ferozepore, the home of most of the Sepoys. We had a long wearisome march up the Grand Trunk Road by Delhi, a place painfully interesting to every Englishman. At Umballah we dined with the 7th Hussars, which Colonel Bushe then commanded. I met there Captain the Honourable C. Molyneux, who had been at Harrow with me, and Mr. Auberon Herbert, a friend of my father's and a fellow of St. John's College. At last we reached Ferozepore, a dreary, dusty place garrisoned by the 24th Foot, whose officers were very friendly.

Before leaving this period of my Indian service there is one matter to which I feel that I must allude, and armed, as it were, with only five smooth stones out of the brook, offer a remonstrance against the opinions of a great writer and much greater general. I have just read "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley. In his description of the campaign in Oudh in 1858, on pages 386, 387 of Volume I., I read of a certain brigadier that he was

"stupid," "a weak old Indian fossil" and "absolutely unfit for any independent command." Lord Wolseley refrains from giving the name of this brigadier, but it would be an affectation of ignorance for any officer who served in Oudh in 1858 to pretend not to know it. Still I refuse to cross his lordship's t's and dot his i's by naming this brave but injured veteran.

It, however, may be said of him that, placed suddenly in a difficult position, being the senior officer of a heterogeneous body, he defeated the well-equipped mutineers three times in the open field in the space of seven weeks, besides taking many of their guns, the enemy numbering three or four times the force under his command, which only consisted of one fine British regiment, the 13th Light Infantry, the gallant Naval Brigade of H.M.S. *Pearl*, armed with little pop guns drawn by ponies, a half battery of artillery drawn by bullocks, the brave but half-disciplined Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, and a few insignificant details. This officer was hampered in his task by the cautious political considerations of the Civil Commissioner attached to his force—the late Sir Charles Wingfield, a very able civilian (whom I knew

in late years when he was M.P. for Gravesend), but certainly ignorant of military affairs. I have heard that his counsels were always for precautions. He represented that this brigadier's force was too weak to obtain supplies from the Rajpoot villages in Oudh, and that to use strong means would exasperate the great native land-owners, who had not yet declared themselves against us. In no case can I think with Lord Wolseley that the Brigadier was to be blamed for not seeing eye-to-eye with Lord Mark Kerr, who was to be admired as a gallant soldier, but was too eccentric and mercurial to be a prudent adviser. When Lord Mark did have an independent command he was not eminently successful. If I recollect rightly the Azimghur affair was almost a rout, and he had to retire with some loss from his attack on the fort of Jugdeespore.

The Government of India did not share Lord Wolseley's view of the before-mentioned brigadier's services, as he was more than once thanked in the *Gazette* and in the General Orders, and created a Companion of the Bath for his successes. I can hardly suppose that Field Marshal Lord Wolseley will ever read this halting defence of the old

soldier of whom he speaks in such contemptuous terms, but I would ask any fair-minded reader whether it is fitting for one in Lord Wolseley's position thus to stigmatize a veteran who, though long dead, may have left children and relations to be deeply wounded by such a harsh and hasty judgment.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST OF INDIA

Return to Regiment—Life at Dorundah—The Dead March in Saul—General Dalton—A Matrimonial Agency for Missionaries.

AFTER about three weeks' stay at Ferozepore I had an order to join my own proper line regiment which had been re-armed, and ordered to Dorundah, the capital of Chota Nagpore, a place with an almost European climate. After a fortnight's travelling I joined, and there I think I spent my happiest year in India. We had about fourteen officers all really belonging to the same corps, and good friends with each other. The duties were light and the discipline not too rigorous.

As to this latter point I was reading not long ago the Recollections of Sir John Luther Vaughan and his strictures on the discipline of the old Bengal Line Regiments of Native Infantry, and was forcibly reminded of my own impressions when ordered to join for the first time this 32nd Regiment of Native Infantry. I had assisted at the disarming of one wing of this regiment at Raneegangee

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in 1857, the other wing having mutinied in the Santhal district a few months previously and killed one or two officers. The disarmed wing formed that nucleus of the regiment which I joined in November, 1859, the rest of the battalion being filled up with drafts from regiments that for some reason or other had not mutinied when they got the opportunity. No doubt some—in fact most—of these drafted soldiers were faithful to the State, and, being, like most of the old Bengal Sepoys, of a sleepy, lymphatic nature, gave little trouble to their officers—a fortunate matter, as the officers troubled themselves very little about the men! We (the officers) for the most part did not appreciate the order to re-join. Nearly all of us were drawing extra pay either from staff employment, or (as in my case) service with Irregular Regiments, and no one was overjoyed at having his appointments reduced. Coming as I did from the Sikh Regiment of Ferozepore, commanded by a well-known disciplinarian, Colonel Brasyer, it was a shock and a revelation to me to see how matters were managed in an old-fashioned native line regiment. Shortly after I joined an elderly colonel from another regiment was sent to command

us, and a more agreeable, kind-hearted old gentleman never lived. He was serving out his time for a pension, and gave the officers and men no trouble whatever. We very seldom had a parade except for muster on the first of every month, in spite of which it was remarkable how well the regiment drilled and how smart it turned out. It was what is called an "Adjutant's Regiment," and our hard-working and excellent adjutant, Lieutenant R. A. (now Major-General) Nowell, was practically commandant. He had every detail at his fingers' ends, and knew the character of every man in the regiment. He always preferred the regiment to parade with the companies commanded by the native officers, and rather regretted a commanding officer's parade when the European officers turned out with their men.

I was at this time young and full of zeal, and when I reflected on the slackness and want of enthusiasm shown by my senior brother officers I no longer wondered that such a system was the moving cause of the mutiny of the Bengal Army, though, doubtless, the "greased cartridge" theory frightened many superstitious Sepoys out of their wits.

Nowadays I truly believe that things are very different and that the native army of Bengal is as good as it can be made.

But to return to my life at Dorundah. As I have said, the discipline was by no means severe, and I had time for a certain amount of sport in the cold weather, and need hardly say made the most of my opportunities. There was unfortunately no big game to be had in the Chota Nagpore district, but I got a fair amount of shooting of a less ambitious description. Duck and snipe were plentiful in certain parts, and capital fun they afforded. As a matter of fact I fancy that these birds formed the larger part of our bags while at Dorundah. But there was another form of sport there which I found most enjoyable. There were numbers of foxes to be found, and, though there was no chance of hunting them with a regular pack of hounds and experiencing the delight I have so often felt in England of watching hounds through the vicissitudes of a hunting run, yet I got many a good gallop by chasing these foxes with Australian greyhounds over uncommonly rough ground.

When the hot season came I and two brother officers engaged a native teacher

from Calcutta, and worked for five or six hours a day at the native language, and passed successfully in August, 1860, what was called the P.H., a *sine quâ non* before obtaining any extra-regimental employment.

This examination was no joke. Two alphabets had to be thoroughly mastered, differing entirely the one from the other. One was that used by the Mahommedans of the North-West Provinces, the other by the Hindoos of Bengal. Two books (commonly called "the Black Classics") had to be perfectly known and translated. These, also, were written in entirely different characters. The rest of the examination included a long English exercise to be rendered into Hindustani, and a severe *vivâ voce*, in the course of which the candidate's conversational powers and knowledge of native idioms were severely tried.

When stationed at Dorundah I was through *trop de zèle* placed in a position which nearly lost me the friendship of a brother officer and his wife, for both of whom I had a sincere regard. Our adjutant was either on the sick list or on leave and I was acting in his place, when one of our captains whom we all liked was taken so ill that his death was considered imminent. We had an excellent band and

an Italian bandmaster, who spoke but little English and understood less, and knowing that if the captain died there would be a large attendance at his funeral, and wishing everything to go off well, I ordered the bandmaster to perfect the band in funeral airs, especially in the "Dead March in Saul." This idiot took the band to play that air just outside the invalid's bungalow. The poor fellow—himself a good musician—heard this solemn music and guessed the cause of the practice, just as his state was improving. He was so shocked that he had a temporary relapse, and though we were always the best of friends, I doubt if he or his wife ever quite forgave me, thinking that I was reckoning too soon on a step in promotion.

At the civil station two miles off (Ranchee) lived the Commissioner, Captain, afterwards General, Dalton, who was indeed liked by all. He was a bachelor, and most hospitable in his fine official house. He was, I think, a grandson of Sir John Stevenson, a well-known Irish musician. Having qualified for staff appointment I was offered the post of second in command and adjutant of the 9th Bengal Police Battalion, commanded by Captain Nation, now General Sir John Nation, K.C.B.

He and I were the best of friends, but unfortunately soon after I joined he left to get married, and I had the whole weight and responsibility of commanding nine hundred men on my shoulders. I had two juniors in rank—not regular officers—and these two were not very efficient, though old enough to have been fathers to me, as I was only twenty-one—and I had rather have been without them. After a few months I was ordered out to campaign with my battalion in an unhealthy jungle, I believe to support our petty rajah against another who had usurped his small kingdom. It was very hard work, we marched incessantly, but my only success was the capture of the enemy's cooking pots. I was quite alone except for the society of one officer on Civil Employ whom I liked very much, though I could not sympathize with his rather narrow religious views, which I believe were never absent from his thoughts. All his spare time he devoted to reading the Scriptures, and he accepted fully the literal and historical truth of every statement therein, but he was a good man, without guile, and a capital officer. Three months of this jungle warfare was enough for my constitution, and I got the real jungle

fever, and was ordered to Calcutta to go before a medical board with a view to leave for the hills.

Just before I left Ranchee I heard of a serious missionary problem that developed itself in some station where there was a small colony of German missionaries—I think Moravians—who made a few converts among the "Khols," or aboriginal tribes of Chota Nagpore. There were four or five of these worthy pastors, of which one was a sort of bishop or superintendent, and an elderly man as compared with the rest. All their lives being rather lonely, they applied to the parent society in Germany to send them out a consignment of suitable German ladies as wives, taking the precaution of mentioning their individual ages as a guide for the quality of the goods shipped. On these ladies' arrival at the mission station three or four were seen to be fairly young and buxom, but there was one elderly and ill-favoured female, specially consigned to the Head Shepherd. After a careful inspection, he, with great want of gallantry, repudiated the arrangement as "made in Germany," and claimed his right as a senior to have his choice of the lot, very naturally selecting the youngest and

best looking. At the notion of the seniors having the prior choice, the youngest missionary revolted, seeing clearly that the plain old fräulein would fall to him, so the whole matter had to be referred to the Deputy and Assistant Commissioners of the district—very religious, good men, who believed thoroughly in missionary enterprises.

In common with the majority of those who have lived among Orientals, I was never sanguine as to the result of missions to Mahommedans and heathen being such as to justify the enormous sums subscribed for them at home: the converts being few, and not worth the trouble and expense of their conversion. At any rate I am satisfied that no real progress is ever made by married missionaries, or by those who become missionaries for a livelihood, and to give them an income to marry on. Far different is the case of celibate missionaries who have but one motive to live for—the spread of their faith—and in many cases, like that of the Jesuits in China, have a real and permanent success, owing to their practice of the strictest self-denial and asceticism, added to a readiness to sacrifice their lives, if need be, for their religion. But the English missionary societies

continue, and will always continue, to publish rose-coloured accounts of the progress of Christianity, in order to obtain the subscriptions and bequests of large sums which had much better be expended in converting the heathen population of English towns. Starting in November, 1861, from Calcutta, I never heard the end of the missionary squabble, which was another illustration of the continual quarrels caused by the presence of women.

My medical board pronounced me too ill to go to the hills, and said that I must go to Europe for recovery, so I shortly left Calcutta in the *Bengal*, in which vessel I had arrived four and a half years before. On the voyage my health improved, but I was so changed that on meeting my parents in the streets of Oxford they did not recognise me. On my journey home I stayed two nights in Paris, and I remember that one of our party got into serious collision with some American in which the latter behaved in the most bullying and unjustifiable manner. We none of us knew much of, or cared much for, American politics, but our stay in Paris was just at the moment of the British demand for the surrender of the Southern States Commissioners. Like most Englishmen we

thought ourselves justified in expressing our opinions to each other, and like most Englishmen we sympathized strongly with the Confederate States in their gallant struggle, and while conversing quietly in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Louvre two of our number, and indeed all of us, were assailed by the violent abuse of some travelling citizens of the United States. At one time I feared that the police would have to be called in and that in consequence we should be delayed, but happily the matter ended without bloodshed or legal proceedings.

CHAPTER VIII

HOME AGAIN

Lord Valentia—Degrees of Comparison—"Mr. Probert of Birmingham"—Charles Lever—The Epsom Cup—Garibaldi—Brief Return to India—The Bhootan War.

I REACHED my home in Oxford about a week before Christmas, 1861, and found everyone in the greatest anxiety as to whether the Northern Americans would comply with our demand for the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, which after some bluster they thought it well to do. Another subject of great interest to my father and his friends was the recent election of Mr. Monier Williams to the Sanscrit Professorship by a good majority over Professor Max Müller, a foreigner and suspected of heterodoxy. The matter did not interest me so much as the election of Colonel Fane as the representative of the county. He was opposed by Sir Henry Dashwood, an admirable man, but, in the opinion of my family, of the wrong politics.

My first care was to provide myself with a couple of horses, and to get all the hunting

that I could. I soon shook off my Indian fever, and made many friends in the hunting field. I remember riding in two or three local steeple-chases without much success, but I will not waste my patient reader's time with a prosy account of my sporting adventures. I always think of the first Lord Ellenborough's wise move. He was sitting in the House of Lords listening to a dull wearisome harangue when he suddenly started up. His neighbour said "You are not going, are you?" "Yes," said Lord Ellenborough with a sigh, taking up his hat, "I am answerable to the Almighty for the use of my time." One well-known character of those days whom I often met and who, when I was at Harrow, once or twice tipped me a sovereign, as he was an Old Harrovian himself, was the late Lord Valentia. No man was more popular or had a kinder heart, but he had a very old-fashioned and highly spiced vocabulary, and his language was of the strongest even when wishing a friend good morning. Among his other peculiarities was his dislike to tramps, and the story used to be told of him that one day one of his daughters, looking out of the window at Bletchington, saw a beggar approaching the house. She rang for the

butler and told him to order off the mendicant before Lord Valentia should catch sight of him. The butler drew himself up and replied solemnly "'Is Lordship 'ave damned 'im already, miss."

His grandson, the member for the city of Oxford, presents a certain contrast to his ancestor. I know no one so universally popular or more courteous in addressing his friends. Added to this, he is one of the most industrious of mankind, and it is a marvel to all how he discharges so well his many duties.

Talking of the city of Oxford reminds me of one old tradesman in that town who was much respected but rather pompous and thought it, when asked for his opinion, more impressive to qualify whatever he had said by adding: "But everything is comparative." His admirers erected a tablet to his memory. After giving his name and recording his virtues they added "'Twas ever on his lips that 'everything is comparative,' but *He* indeed was superlative." Some profane observer wrote below in pencil, "He was a d——d old fool and that's positive."

About this time an Alderman of the city of Oxford, on taking his seat as mayor for the

year, announced solemnly that as long as he sat in that chair his study would be to be "neither partial nor impartial."

I stayed at home till August, 1862, and then being tired of doing nothing, except going to an occasional race-meeting, I applied to be sent to the then existing school of musketry at Fleetwood in North Lancashire to get a certificate as an Instructor of Musketry, which I thought would be useful to me on my rejoining my regiment. I stayed two months on this desolate shore. I believe that Fleetwood had been built some years before in the hopes of its becoming a great seaport, which hope was never fulfilled. Just before the end of my course I was laid up with an attack of Indian fever, which interfered much with my examination. I recollect little more of Lancashire except going to a ball or two at Preston, it being the "Guild" year. I think that this guild only occurs once in twenty years. Who that knew "Proud Preston" in those days can forget the presiding genius of the railway bookstall, Miss Emily Lambert. I wonder if she still lives; she cannot even now be a very old woman. She was a universal favourite in those parts, particularly with the officers of the garrison,

on account of her sharp and ready tongue, and her kind, obliging disposition.

It would only weary my readers to relate how I spent the rest of my leave. In winter I hunted as often as two or three screws could carry me, and in summer I attended a good many race-meetings, perhaps winning on the whole a little money. Like most race-goers I had the misfortune to be occasionally welshed, but I think only once or twice, as my circumstances obliged me to be pretty wary. I recollected the mother's advice when sending her pretty daughter to get her living on the stage. "My dear, be good if you can, and if you can't be good, be careful." I had one misfortune in losing at Goodwood a valuable watch given me by a kind old aunt on leaving home for India. I forget the year of my loss, but it was when Herald won the Steward's Cup. I had been making a small bet or two in the ring, and was on my way to the stand amidst a pushing crowd, when I felt a slight tug, hardly perceptible. I had no chance through the crush of seeing the thief, and was, moreover, in a great hurry to see Herald win his race, but when I got to the top of the stand I found that my watch was gone. Much annoyed

I consulted an acquaintance, a well-known old man named Elliot, who used to keep the gate of Tattersall's ring. He gave me small hopes of ever seeing my property again, but suddenly seeing amongst the betting men an ill-dressed speculator, Elliot turned and beckoned to him, introducing him to me as "A gentleman who may help you." This gentleman at once enquired if my watch was a "white 'un." I said "Oh no! a very good gold one." He then enquired if I "knew Mr. Probert, of Birmingham." Unluckily, I could lay no claim to that acquaintance, so the "gentleman" said he would try and find him as he would be a likely man to recover my property for me.

We hunted about in vain for Mr. Probert till at last I was surrounded by a little ring of humble race-goers, who one and all kept asking me the same question, "'Ave you lost something?" and hearing my tale, repeated the query as to whether it was only a "white 'un." Getting rather angry and being no nearer to my watch, I felt the calves of my legs lightly tickled with a stick. I looked and saw a rather disreputable-looking face with a sad reproachful expression, the head being slowly and mournfully shaken from side

to side. The owner of the head came up to me and said, "You are in with a bad lot. *I* will take you to Mr. Probert," cautioning me that Mr. Probert was a "perfect gentleman," and that my questions must on no account imply that he was privy to the robbery. "Hotherwise," he warned me, "'E might 'it out very straight as he is very irritable." At last we found Mr. Probert, or a gentleman assuming that name. He graciously heard my story and said that, if I would meet him after the second race next day, I should recover my watch but that I must pay him "two quid ready." This I absolutely refused to do, and he then agreed that I was to pay "five quid" the next day, after the second race, on the watch being handed over. I met this philanthropist as appointed. He seemed more irritable than usual, in fact I think not quite sober. His words were few. He merely said "Your blessed (he used a stronger word) clock is in 'Olland by this time."

The mention of a lost watch calls to my mind a story of my old friend, Charles Lever, whom I knew at Trieste, and whom I shall have occasion to mention later. He told me that one day having nothing to amuse him he

strolled into a Dublin police court. A man was being tried for stealing a watch, and on being asked what answer he had to the charge, he simply sighed and said, " Your honour, it is a very sad business, and the less we say about it the better." Lever also related that when attending a funeral in Ireland—the mourners being assembled in a dining-room before the ceremony—the footman burst in, and addressing his master, said " Your honour the Carpse's cousin would like a word with you."

I had another loss only last year when leaving Moreton-in-the-Marsh races by train. I was mobbed by Birmingham roughs and my purse stolen. It is generally pretty light, but that morning I had unluckily sold some pigs, and had most of the price in my pocket, I have now almost given up going to races, and when I do I take no watch and very little cash. My last recollection of any really celebrated race was the struggle for the Epsom Cup between Bend Or and Robert the Devil in 1881. The former won, and few races have excited greater interest. I was standing by the well-known bookmaker and racing man, the late Mr. Frederick Whitbourn, who was persuaded that " Robert " would win. I had

the good luck to back Bend Or, and like many other good judges, Whitbourn was wrong.

While I was in England in 1864 the celebrated Italian "Liberator," General Garibaldi, paid a visit to Oxford, escorted by the Duke of Sutherland. They came to St. John's College, and sent the College porter to my father to express a hope that he would take them over the Chapel, Library, etc. I remember that my father was rather indignant at this, and entirely refused to have anything to do with Garibaldi, whom he looked upon as a successful adventurer. He was also entirely without sympathy for the attack on Rome by King Victor Emmanuel in 1870, as he, in common with the majority of the Conservative party, considered the capture of Rome as an act of revolutionary brigandage committed against the oldest throne in Europe. Among other potentates who visited Oxford while I was there on leave was one announced by the College porter as the "Emperor of the Brass-heels." This title was entirely beyond our comprehension, till it was explained that the Emperor of the Brazils had arrived. I can recollect no very interesting occurrence during the remainder of my leave in England.

In 1864 the doctors having reported my health as re-established, I started for India, intending to rejoin my regiment, the 32nd Regiment Native Infantry, then stationed at Oude.

On my arrival in Calcutta I found that the war against Bhootan had begun, so, as I had no fancy for a life in cantonments, I requested to be sent to some regiment serving at the front. It is an old military maxim impressed on young soldiers, "Never volunteer but wait till you are ordered." I always had disregarded this piece of veteran's wisdom, having volunteered for active service on landing in Calcutta in 1857, and again pressed earnestly to be allowed to join four companies of my regiment serving in China in 1859. This request was refused, but now in 1864 I was more successful, and was ordered to join the 5th Bengal Cavalry, commanded by Major now General Sir C. Gough, V.C. They were stationed at Julpigoree, to which place I proceeded. I found no prospect of any opening in this regiment, so did not care to continue as simply "doing duty," and got transferred to the 11th (late 70th) Bengal Native Infantry, commanded by Colonel E. D. Watson, who, I remember, was a favourite with all his officers. With this

regiment I saw three or four months' campaigning in the frontier of Nepaul.

This little war was one of the many that the prestige of Great Britain has obliged her to undertake. Bhootan lies away on the North-East frontier of Bengal, and the rulers of that country, whether instigated thereto by some other Power, or still influenced by the restlessness caused by the Mutiny, it is hard to say, had either insulted or actually assaulted (I forget which) Mr. Ashley Eden, British envoy to their Court.

The Bhootias are a warlike race, of the real Tartar type, closely resembling in features the Chinese and Ghoorkas. They altogether declined to apologise for the insult to Mr. Eden and the Indian Government felt obliged to obtain satisfaction by force. Hence the campaign.

The troops engaged were divided into two columns. The right column was commanded by Major General Dunsford; the left, to which the 11th Bengal Native Infantry was attached, by General Sir J. M. B. F. Tytler, K.C.B. If my recollection serves me right, the other troops engaged were the 5th and the 14th Bengal Cavalry, and the 18th Bengal Native Infantry.

The most important action of the campaign was the forcing of the Bala Pass and the capture of the fort that commanded it. The duty of the regiment to which I was attached was to cover the guns which were pounding away at the Bhootia fort. We finally took the place by storm. I cannot remember now which regiment was in advance, but I know very well that I was not with them. Being of a heavyish build, and never much of a mountaineer, I was pretty well exhausted before the rapid climb was over.

The Bhootias could fight like devils behind defences, and our loss on the occasion was considerable. One very sad incident was the death of an Engineer officer (Lieutenant Collins), who was blown up by the accidental explosion of a gun.

After a time I was ordered to join the 18th Regiment Native Infantry at Bhangulpore. All officers of the Bengal Army being continually moved about in those days, my life was not a very pleasant one, and I believe that the monotony of Bhangulpore brought on a return of my old enemy, jungle fever.

Should any Anglo-Indian spend his time in reading my recollections of India, he may notice that I have adhered to the old spelling

of Indian stations, rejecting the modern and pedantic method. Who could recognize Umballah when written "Ambala," Meerut as "Mirut," Mhow as "Mau," Musafirpur for "Mozufferpore," and such like absurdities? They are not phonetic, and only misleading to the English reader. To be consistent, if these names must be changed, why not adopt the real native names as "Achanuck" for Barrackpore, "Nuklow" for Lucknow, and some Sanscrit word (which I can't remember) for Allahabad? I now bid a long adieu to India—a country to which I am never likely to return—much as I should like to see it again under its altered conditions. My chief fear is that the universal education of the natives will only improve their facilities for plotting against our rule.

CHAPTER IX

CIVIL EMPLOYMENT

A Final Good-bye to India—Sub-Inspector of Factories—Interview with a Senior Inspector—A Straw to clutch at.

THE repeated attacks of jungle fever caused me to have to appear again before a medical board, and I was ordered back to Europe. So ended my Indian experiences. My whole time in that country was taken up by the Mutiny, and the subsequent campaign to which I have just alluded. I had several years of continual marching and camp life, with little comfort and no luxury. In these particulars my recollections differ from those of most men who have seen service in India, for, owing to the longer period of their residence in the country, they have many memories of Indian society and Indian amusements to which I was practically a stranger.

In one respect this was an advantage to me, as my expenses were consequently few. I had, indeed, no opportunities for extravagance except when indulging in doing a little horse-dealing, which has always been one of

my temptations. I remember that I was once very nearly buying an elephant at auction, but happily stopped bidding just in time. It would have proved a very different matter from buying an extra horse, for, though convenient for carrying a tent or baggage, the animal would have cost me two shillings a day in rice, besides the pay of a mahout or driver, and an elephant feeder to cut down boughs of trees for the beast's support. This particular elephant had been captured with others from an Oudh Talookdar (land-owner), and had to be valued by a military committee of which I was one. We adjudged him to be sold, and I recollect that he was bought by a brother officer and friend of mine, one of the best of good fellows, whom we called Jemmy Johnstone, but who died not long ago as General Sir James Johnstone, K.C.B. I never saw him after 1859, but I have a vivid recollection of his many good qualities and zeal in his profession.

I arrived in England towards the end of 1865, when I quickly recovered and resumed my old life of getting as much hunting as I could afford, and endeavouring to supplement my slender resources by attending race-meetings. As the end of my period of sick

leave drew nigh I consulted the late Sir R. Martin, a distinguished doctor well known to all Indian officers of that day, and he, a most kind old gentleman, advised me strongly never to return to India. I could not afford to exchange to a British regiment had I wished to, so I began to look out for some civil employment. Mr. Gathorne Hardy—now Lord Cranbrook—was a friend of my father, and most kindly gave me a nomination as "Sub-Inspector of Factories." I cannot say that I had any particular talent for this line of business, which consisted in overhauling factories, and, I suppose, seeing that the children employed were well taught and not ill-treated.

There was a stiffish examination to pass, the most formidable subject being Political Economy—a study which I had never considered and had barely heard of. One of our trials was to write five or six pages of foolscap on a given subject. The subject given us was quite simply "Fire." This was indeed a puzzler. Somehow I managed to write six pages on this monosyllable by adverting to the dangers of that element, and the uses that might be made of it, and finished by pointing out—though not recommending—

that a man's limited income might be usefully supplemented by over-insuring his property, and then setting fire to it. In spite of this immoral suggestion, I was told afterwards that my efforts had pleased the examiners, and that in consequence they had given me an "honorary certificate," a distinction which I have never found of much use to me. I was appointed to the factory department towards the end of 1867.

There were at that time two senior Inspectors for Great Britain, in fact I may say that, from my acquaintance with them, they seemed to rule the Empire between them, and to think that mankind was governed by the Factory Acts. It was my lot to be nominated to the half of the kingdom presided over by the junior of these two potentates, and I was directed to call on him for instructions at his residence at Leamington. He received me condescendingly, but hardly with the respect that I considered my due. He explained to me, after the manner of Cæsar's Commentaries, that England was divided into two provinces, one of which was governed by his colleague in London, and the other by himself. It occurred to me to ask him where, under this arrangement, Queen Victoria came in,

but I was too much awed to be argumentative. He then asked me where I should wish to be stationed. I replied with entire confidence "at Leamington," as I thought, from what he said, that I had all his half of the kingdom to choose from. He answered with much dignity, "But *I* (with a very large *I*) live at Leamington." I said that this would constitute another attraction to that town, and that I should like to be always near him, unluckily adding, with too great frankness, that I considered Leamington a good quarter for fox-hunting.

I never saw a man so shocked and startled, and would have given worlds to recall my reasons for liking Leamington. He told me that place "formed no basis for hunting" (without explaining what a hunting "basis" meant), and that the sooner I resigned all thoughts of the chase, the better it would be for my prospects, and pointed out that my daylight delights would be the inspection of engines and young operatives, and that my evening relaxation would be a study of the Factory Acts. He went on to tell me that I might have the choice of residing either at West Bromwich or Ashton-under-Lyne. West Bromwich being, I believe, in the heart of

the "Black Country," half-way between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, while Ashton-under-Lyne is a manufacturing paradise where the view is bounded by miles of smoky chimneys. I then tried to soften the old gentleman by some rather florid compliments, and affected (the Lord forgive my hypocrisy) a certain interest in my prospective duties. But all was in vain, I felt sure that I should never acquire his good opinion, so I took my seat in the train to regain the paternal residence, sadly reflecting on my small chance of excelling as a Sub-Inspector of Factories, and seriously considering whether I had not better return to my regiment.

To distract my thoughts I bought a newspaper, and read the announcement of the death of a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger. I knew nothing about the duties or pay of Queen's Messengers, but I rightly preferred the uncovenanted mercies of the Foreign Office, to the chilly glances of the Factory department. I showed the obituary paragraph to my father, suggesting that he should ask the Foreign Secretary (Lord Stanley) for the vacancy, my father being then the secretary to Lord Stanley's father, the then

Earl of Derby, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Prime Minister. My father pointed out to me, with the greatest justice, that he had seven more sons none too well provided for, and that he could ask for nothing more, but wished me every success should I apply for myself.

CHAPTER X

QUEEN'S MESSENGER

Lord Stanley to the Rescue—The Duties of a Messenger—The Uniform—Pay and Expenses—The Regular Routine—Baggage—The Civility of Foreign Guards.—Night Journeys.

JUST before I left India the then Commander-in-Chief, Sir W. Mansfield, had directed all officers wishing for special employ to obtain written testimonials as to character from their commanding officers, so I, having had many commanding officers, and having had the good fortune to please them all, was singularly well provided with these too flattering documents, setting forth my zealous behaviour during the years from 1857 to 1861 and again in 1865. I don't know whether these certificates carried much weight, as I think that my father's interest and high character did most for me, but anyhow Lord Stanley offered me the appointment, for which I shall ever feel grateful to him, or now, alas! only to his memory.

I was told that I had to pass an examination in French and to prove my proficiency in

riding. I passed the French examination after six weeks' study without any difficulty, for I was fortunate enough to have learnt a good deal of the language when I was a child, so that the preparation was not a great effort to me. I made an engagement with a very nice old French gentleman who lived at Oxford, where, I fancy, he held some kind of professorship. His name was Monsieur Jules Bué, and he taught me French for several hours every week. I understand that at the present day those nominated to King's Messengerships have an examination lasting for six hours, and the poor victims are examined not only in their conversational fluency, but also in translation backwards and forwards from and into various Continental languages. This, of course, is done to comply with the requirements of the modern Civil Service, which seem to have been compiled by every pedant or prig who ever worried undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge. Of what possible use can an accurate knowledge of French grammar be to a King's Messenger? I think that it is right to expect great fluency of speech, but are French station masters and luggage porters severe judges of grammar? I satisfied the Civil

Service Examiners' curiosity as to my riding by forwarding them four or five certificates from masters of hounds. I was then sworn in before Lord Stanley, the then Secretary of State, but this ceremony did not trouble me much, as it was neither long nor impressive. The only person present besides the chief actors was Mr. Sanderson, the private secretary. In reply to my warm thanks for the appointment Lord Stanley did not waste many words upon me. He was too practical a man to indulge in high-flown language, and merely told me that I had undertaken a job that was extremely hard and fatiguing, and required a sound constitution and great activity of mind and body. His Lordship had rather a thick utterance, but I distinguished this much of his speech, and bowed myself out as soon as was possible. It no doubt was true that the work was hard, but it did not discourage me, and I have always found it pleasant enough, except perhaps during the crisis of the Franco-German War, and during the Carlist War in Spain in 1873 and 1874, owing to the very rough travelling: but after all these were minor trials and soon forgotten.

Then began a service of thirty-five and a

half happy years. Like other callings, mine had its drawbacks, the chief of which were two. First, there was no sort of promotion either through merit or interest, in fact my income from various causes diminished rather than increased. Secondly, there was a large degree of uncertainty about one's movements. I found that except when I took leave I could never reckon with confidence on fulfilling any engagement at a distance of ten days or a fortnight after my return from a journey, but I soon got accustomed to this state of things. My friends knew that they could not count with certainty on my agreeable company, and my tradesmen when sending in a pressing demand soon learnt to account for any delay in a settlement by supposing that I was absent abroad.

But, before writing any account of my travels, I should like to give some description of the Corps of Queen's Foreign Service Messengers, as it was entitled at the period when I was enrolled.

An interesting article on the subject appeared in the *Quarterly Review* some thirteen years ago; but as I do not suppose that many of my readers will find it easy to refer back to that issue of the magazine I shall here

repeat some of the conclusions arrived at by the writer of that article.

The corps has always been coincident with and dependent upon the maintenance and development of the Diplomatic Service. The Messenger is for the time being at the disposal of the ambassador. He is, therefore, entitled to sundry privileges, such as immunity from arrest while engaged on his service. The writer in the *Quarterly* quotes two of the main authorities on international law (Wheaton and Vattel) in support of this. The former declares that "they are exempt from every species of visitation and search," the latter that "couriers sent or received by an ambassador, his papers, letters and despatches, all essentially belong to the ambassador, and are consequently to be held sacred." The nominations to the Corps rest with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and I have already referred to the fairly simple examination. It has been well said that instead of requiring horsemanship it would be a "better qualification at the present day for a man to be able to travel six days and nights consecutively in a stuffy continental train and to turn up at the end punctual, smiling, and well-dressed." I may as well

confess that one aid to the latter was the silk hat which most of us kept ready for use in each principal capital.

It is not perhaps generally known that a King's Messenger is entitled to wear a uniform of a somewhat elaborate description. It consists of a dark-blue double-breasted frock coat with turn-down collar, blue single-breasted waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, with an edging of gold lace; trousers of Oxford mixture with a scarlet cord down the side seams; gilt buttons embossed with the Royal Cypher, encircled by the Crown and Garter, and having a greyhound pendant; blue cloth cap with leather peak, band of black braid and the Royal Cypher and the Crown gilt in front; and a badge of the regulation size with the Royal Crown and silver greyhound pendant suspended from the neck by a dark-blue riband. For my own part I can only say that I certainly never wore any such array, nor, to the best of my belief, did I ever know any of my colleagues to be in possession of the uniform. For all that, I believe the regulation as to this matter exists, and if any of my readers doubt my word let him refer to the above-mentioned number of the *Quarterly Review*.

By the way, before leaving the article in question I should like to quote some words that it contains—words that my inherent modesty would prevent my setting down as my own, but that give some idea of what a King's Foreign Service Messenger ought to be. The writer says: "A King's Messenger is not only the intimate and confidential friend of the members of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service abroad, but is a cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, being an acceptable member of Society in the various cities to which his steps are again and again directed by the necessary routine of his official duties."

The pay received by the paragons just described was £400 per annum, with an allowance of £1 per diem for subsistence when on actual duty. There is also a pension on retirement. The number of Messengers has varied from time to time, the largest number (eighteen) occurring just before the Crimean War. When I was a young Queen's Messenger we numbered seventeen, and the following were my colleagues:—Captain Richard H. Webster, late of the 36th Regiment; Captain Cecil G. Johnson, late an officer, R.N.; Captain Spencer Perceval Robbins, late of the Austrian Army; A. J. Drury, Esq., of

the well-known clerical family; Captain Edmund H. Vyner, late A.D.C. to Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg; A. J. Ridgway, Esq.; Captain W. St. James Ball; Major H. Byng Hall, late 7th Royal Fusiliers; Captain Martin E. Haworth, late 60th Rifles; Captain Conway Seymour, late 85th Light Infantry, and Gentleman Usher to Queen Victoria; Robert G. Johnson, Esq.; Hon. William Harbord, late Scots Fusilier Guards; Captain W. M. Leeds, late 50th Regiment; Hon. Hugh Hare, late Bengal Army; Captain H. H. Vivian, late 22nd Regiment; Captain R. E. Bagge, late 10th Regiment. Of these only four survive.

To this list of my colleagues I must add the names of two very well-known and extremely popular members of Society who, though not regular Queen's Messengers, had their names borne on our duty list, and took their turns regularly with the rest of us. They were both so fond of travelling and of Continental life that I think they were too often on the road, and that, neither of them being very young men, their health failed at last.

Mr. John Woodford, the senior of these two enthusiasts, was a son of the late Field Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford, and had been private

secretary to Lord Cowley when Ambassador in Paris, and also was a retired Foreign Office clerk. He was a great musician, and was possessed of a very fine voice. He was well known in London Society, particularly in artistic and operatic circles. His was a most kindly nature, and when he died in Germany some years ago he was greatly regretted.

The other of what I should call our assistant colleagues was quite as well known as Woodford. This was the late Mr. Francis Stephens, who from the regularity of his fine features and the clearness of his complexion, was always called "Beauty Stephens." He was a most amiable and popular man, and a favourite with all his acquaintances. He, like Woodford, died some years ago, a victim —as I have always thought—to his love of travelling. Both he and Woodford began our physically exhausting work too late in life.

We went to many more capitals than has been the case in late years, when our number has been reduced to nine. Thirty-seven years ago telegrams in cypher or *en clair* were not so much used as at present, and consequently our services were called upon much oftener and for much less important despatches than

in these days when far more stress is laid upon economy.

It is only right that I should say that during my pleasant service under the Foreign Office I was struck with the really liberal way in which they paid any justly incurred expenses. I am told that this has now somewhat changed, but in my time I had nothing to complain of, and always felt that even in time of war on the Continent or in case of any unforeseen accident any extra expense would be liberally met on returning to London.

On the afternoon before starting on a journey we used to receive a bill on the Pay Office to convert into cash at our banker's. To obtain this advance we had to make an estimate of the probable sum needed for the journey, and on our return the balance—plus or minus—was entered to our credit or debit account with the Chief Clerk. In the case of ordinary journeys the estimate was very simple, and, unless a second cab-full of Royal luggage reached us at the last minute before leaving for Charing Cross, one could generally foresee one's expenditure within ten or even five pounds.

No doubt the liberality of the Foreign Office was sometimes imposed upon. I understood

that the Consul's wife in some distant capital had on one occasion, through the favour or affection of some clerk, got a whole set of chintz covers for her drawing-room sofas and chairs sent in one of our big bags! But this was the last of such daring experiments. No such things go on now.

I heard one tale which if not true is at least well invented. It was said that during the Russo-Turkish War a gentleman charged with despatches—not one of the Corps of Queen's Messengers, but someone temporarily employed by the Foreign Office—having heard of the liberality of that Office to those whom they employed, thought it well to make hay in the sunshine of the war in the East. He, therefore, on his return to London sent in a bill to the Foreign Office for £15 for an escort of Cossacks for his protection in crossing the Danube! This was too much, and the claim was very properly rejected.

Although, as I have said, during my period of service under the Foreign Office the Messengers were fairly enough treated by the Office, the following story will show this was not always the case in former times. By an old and, I believe, an invariable rule, anyone in Government employ who was entrusted

with the duty of bringing from the Continent to London a Treaty of Peace received a complimentary gift of five hundred pounds from the Exchequer or from the Secret Service Fund at the disposal of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. During the Crimean War the Queen's Messengers had to make the most difficult and arduous journeys in crowded troopships or crazy steamers to Constantinople and the Crimea, and I have heard that these journeys were almost continuous so that often the weary Messenger had little or no leisure in which to recruit himself on reaching London before starting on another journey. The Messengers naturally hoped when the Treaty of Peace was signed in Paris in 1856 that either the entire sum of £500 would fall to the fortunate Messenger to whom might be entrusted the responsibility of carrying the treaty to London, or, by a still fairer arrangement, that the money would be divided among the Corps, each member of which had borne the burden and heat of the day. But what happened? Just as the Messengers were expecting this plum to drop into their mouths they heard that the Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary—I forget which—had sent his private secretary to Paris so

as to obtain this useful sum. Happily, such nefarious jobs could hardly be repeated at the present day, nor could a body of Government servants who had performed for two years continual severe journeys and suffered great inconveniences—not to say hardships—be thus thrust aside and their services ignored to put £500 into the pocket of an official who might be a very worthy man but whose sole connection with the war in the Crimea consisted in writing despatches in a comfortable room in the Foreign Office.

There is, no doubt, an idea in the minds of many people that the life of a King's Messenger is full of variety and romance. As a matter of fact the journeys, taken so often over exactly the same routes, soon become monotonous, and the bits of romance met with are few and far between. This will be apparent to those who have the patience to read the incidents of travel that I am about to record.

But first of all it may be of interest to describe the regular routine of a King's Messenger's life when engaged in actual travel, and when passing a week or ten days in a foreign capital.

To begin, I may say that we were almost

invariably despatched from the Foreign Office at about 8 p.m., so that one's first night was generally spent in the train. I have occasionally been sent off at 9 or 10 a.m., but this is an exceptional hour. I have several times been sent for as late as half-past six or seven o'clock in the evening, and had to start in an hour or two, but these hurried starts were generally not caused by Foreign Office business but by the dilatoriness of some outside official—generally the Lord Chancellor —who would send off at the last moment commissions to be signed by the Queen or King, when they were on the Continent, which a little consideration would have enabled him to have ready by four or five o'clock, thus giving the Messenger, who was first for a journey, a longer time to prepare for it. But of course these occasional trials were incidental to my profession and my best plan was at all times to have a portmanteau ready packed.

We almost invariably began our trip at Charing Cross Station, where the railway authorities were most obliging, and we always found a locked-up compartment ready for us. It is hardly necessary to add that we were expected to travel first class. The baggage

of the Queen's Messenger consisted of three varieties. There was first his personal luggage which was limited to one hundred pounds in weight, and then there were two separate specimens of official despatches, viz., those packed in "crossed" bags (*i.e.*, those bags marked with a cross on the parchment label, which was tied on tightly with official red tape), and those in the bags which were styled "uncrossed." All these bags were of stout white canvas, and were made of various sizes, some being only six or seven inches long, while others measured as much as three or four feet. The "crossed" bags were generally of small dimensions and contained the despatches of the greatest importance, and were never allowed to be out of the sight of the travelling Queen's Messenger. They were for convenience carried in a larger locked canvas bag, about the size of an ordinary carpet bag, which was, of course, an object of great anxiety. I have always thought that the despatches of importance might be made up in bags of less size so that the containing bag might be less cumbersome to the Messenger, but I have no doubt that deeper intellects than mine have been at work on this problem and have decided

that the present despatch bags are none too big.

I now come to the "uncrossed" bags, which are of considerably larger size, containing objects doubtless of much importance, and certainly of considerable bulk, but not requiring the sleepless solicitude which watches over their fellow bags bearing the sacred emblem. These uncrossed bags are allowed by the Foreign Office to be registered, and to travel in the luggage van or fourgon, being first carefully packed by the Foreign Office door-keeper in an immense canvas sack, fastened by a throttling strap and padlock. To this padlock the continental railway officials seemed to have either a great attraction or a great objection, for I think that the padlock of my sack was stolen or broken off about three or four times a year!

A venerable old sack of four or five years' standing generally became plastered over with polyglot railway labels and was at once recognised by foreign railway porters. My late colleague, Captain M. E. Haworth, used to affirm that his sack if properly packed and propelled by a sound kick on its protuberant curves would arrive at St. Petersburg without any traveller to look after it, provided

that he had previously whispered to it its destination!

After this description of our baggage it will easily be believed that our load as we started on a journey sometimes filled more than one four-wheeled cab.

On arrival at Dover—our almost invariable port of departure—we were shown into a first-class cabin, and my immediate endeavour was always to snatch an hour's sleep. At Calais, as we were well known, the Custom House Officers contented themselves with marking our effects without any examination, and here I may say that we were treated with a like courtesy at every Custom House which we entered. The officials were obliged, by treaty, to respect the sealed bags of despatches, but were under no such obligation with regard to our private luggage. However, that was never interfered with, and under these circumstances we felt an honourable obligation not to convey contraband articles over any frontier. It is well known to all travellers in France with how little civility passengers are treated on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, and how closely their carriages are packed. Yet even there the King's Messenger received every attention.

During the latter years of Queen Victoria she used to stay so much in the South of France that we were continually running between Nice and London, and even in the month of April when thousands of passengers were crowding the train from the Riviera, we (thanks to M. Paoli, the most obliging Commissary of the Ministry of the Intérieur) found invariably on leaving Paris or Nice a compartment locked up and labelled for our use.

As a rule we met with great civility from the guards of trains on lines where we were known, and in any case our mission was easily recognised from the peculiar marks of our official baggage. Of course the guards and *chefs du train* were not civil for nothing, and it certainly paid well to be liberal in the matter of tips. As far as my experience goes I never met a railway official too highly placed to accept a *pour boire*, and these gratuities were well bestowed in return for the invariably reserved compartment.

We generally had about three-quarters of an hour for supper at the excellent—though rather dear—Calais Buffet, and then we started, almost invariably alone, for our destinations, either Paris or Brussels and

Germany. If we went to Paris—*en route* for Turkey or Italy—we generally spent the day there, leaving by a night train for our destination.

Since I retired from the Messenger Service I understand that the whole conditions of travel are altered, and that King's Messengers on leaving the Foreign Office for St. Petersburg, Berlin, or Constantinople, drive to Liverpool Street Station, and thence journey by Harwich to the Hook of Holland, where they start by the trains *de luxe* for Vienna or Berlin. I believe that by this plan some trifling saving is effected—a happy thing for a country that waged war in South Africa with such splendid economy!

But in my time we almost always started by Dover and Calais for Vienna, Constantinople, Rome, or Madrid. We spent as a rule about twelve hours in the French capital. What others did with themselves during this pause I do not know. For my part I generally on arriving at my hotel at about seven o'clock in the morning used to go to bed for two or three hours. After that I achieved my toilette, being always careful to wear a top hat and the same clothes as would suit London. I then used to try to find some

acquaintance, whose company suited me, to go with me to breakfast at some restaurant or hotel. For a passing traveller I know no place so cheap and convenient as the Grand Hôtel, nor anywhere can you get more for your money than Voisin's or Durand's. After breakfast I went off to get my ticket for my destination at some office when I always tried to arrange to have an empty compartment kept for my despatches. Later I would perhaps hire a carriage for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, or call on my diplomatic friends in the Ambassadorial Chancellerie. Then, exchanging my town clothes for a travelling suit, I would take my humble meal at my hotel and drive to the Embassy for my despatches *en route* to the railway. Could any day be spent more innocently ?

In these days travelling is so much more luxurious than when my service began, that we now travel by the various *trains de luxe* from Paris. For example, for the three days and nights that is occupied in reaching Constantinople, a King's Messenger has allotted to him a really comfortable little cabin with an adjoining *cabinet de toilette*, where he can wash, shave himself, curl his hair, and beautify himself to his heart's

content. In his little compartment he can console himself with books, tobacco, or whisky, as his tastes invite him. For my part I think the less whisky the better for him, but I strongly recommend the two first-named distractions.

On this journey to Constantinople he is offered daily two fairly cooked meals, besides coffee and bread and butter at early dawn. I may here remark that since the establishment of these "trains of luxury" the meals in the French railway restaurants have fallen off much in quality. A year or two ago when travelling from Monte Carlo and Nice by a *non*-luxurious train, I was struck by the inferior food provided at Dijon and Mâcon, where such a good and cheap dinner used formerly to be procurable, but I will not dwell on these material details, and just describe how the travelling Messenger disposes himself when travelling by night in a train that contains no sleeping accommodation. I always found an air-pillow a great convenience, and having taken off my collar and put on slippers I could sleep on one (whole) side of a first-class carriage, almost as well as in my bed. Still I must say that though I slept well, I never felt much rested

in the morning. I attribute this to the great pace of the train, as in the "Orient express" *en route* for Turkey, when the pace, through Servia, Bulgaria, and Turkey, is very slow, I found that in the morning I woke quite refreshed. On arrival at our destination, of course, we drove at once to the Embassy or Legation, delighted to be relieved from the responsibility of our bags of despatches.

I may add in this connection that no sort of receipt was ever given to us, however valuable or important our despatches might have been, nor had we to communicate our arrival to the Foreign Office in London.

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CHAPTER XI

PERSONS AND PLACES

Diplomatic Hospitality—Varied Receptions—W. H. Smith and Lord Salisbury — The P.L.M. — The Necessity of Foreign Service Messengers—How they Managed in the Old Days—Travelling Carriages.

WHATEVER enjoyment I have had during my many days spent in Continental capitals, I can truly say that I owe it to the kindness and hospitality that I have ever received from the Diplomatic Service of Great Britain. Surely there never could have been collected in a single body more attractive individuals, and I can hardly recall an exception to this rule. As a young Queen's Messenger I was thrown into the society chiefly of the junior secretaries and attachés, and how pleasant that society was !—no stiffness, no pomposity —only a desire to please and to be pleased. They lived in perfect harmony together. There was no rift within their lute, and their music was never mute. Their sparkling conversation enlivened the many dull hours that I had to spend in foreign towns. For many years, or I may say always, it has been

a source of wonderment to me, how easily the junior members of Embassies and Legations can throw off in a moment their cares, and seem to forget for a while the weighty secrets in their possession, to join non-official Englishmen at breakfast, or at dinner, in discussing the chances of some Derby favourite, or to give news of some expected scandal in London Society. These young diplomats never betray by a word, or a look all that they must know, secrets which if revealed might convulse Stock Exchanges and even plunge nations into war.

But there were not seldom journeys of another kind and to places where there was no diplomatic circle. I refer to those specially taken to deliver despatches to Royal personages and to cabinet ministers when abroad. In the spring of the year we had generally to make a good many journeys either to the Sovereign, the Prince and Princess of Wales, or some of the cabinet ministers, these last occasionally going abroad to some health or pleasure resort in the South of Europe. These journeys were short and though rather hurried made an agreeable change in one's existence. Those taken to deliver despatches to Queen Victoria were

chiefly to Baden Baden, Lucerne, Mentone, Florence, Aix les Bains, and two or three times to Nice. When on these trips, our treatment varied considerably. On arriving at the quarters of the late Queen we generally saw the late Sir Henry Ponsonby or Sir Arthur Bigge, and were allowed two nights, or, when Sunday intervened, three, in which to recover from the effects of our journey. When it was time to return our bags were handed to us by Her Majesty's secretary. On one occasion, I think it was in 1872 or 1873, I reached the Queen's Villa at Baden Baden (I suppose unexpectedly) at about 10 or 11 p.m. Not finding anyone about—not even the indispensable ghillie—I walked round the house to see if there was any method of attracting attention to my arrival. At last I selected a likely looking window and tapped lightly. My success was too pronounced! Two or three servants came rushing out in a half-dressed state, and I was informed in the morning that my knocks had aroused Her Majesty.

The late Mr. W. H. Smith when in office took a holiday at Monte Carlo. I never had the luck to be sent to him, but I used to hear of his most considerate treatment of my

colleagues. He always received them himself, condoled with them on the fatigue they must have suffered on the road, and invariably asked them if they thought they would have sufficiently recovered in a week's time to undertake the return journey to London. He then invited them to dinner, and (for anything I know to the contrary) wished them good luck at the tables.

During the latter part of Lord Salisbury's tenure of office as Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister he had built for himself a fine villa at Beaulieu, near Nice, in a grand situation, overlooking Monte Carlo and the Mediterranean, and to this paradise he used to retire whenever he felt disposed. These seasons of retirement were those of penance to the Queen's Messengers, as there were continual journeys with despatches for his Lordship, and very penitential pilgrimages they were! We used to be sent from London with instructions to go straight to Nice without a stop, and on arriving there, tired and dirty and hungry, we had to engage a carriage and make a slow ascent of six miles to Beaulieu. On arrival the reception accorded to us was very different from what we experienced on taking journeys to the Queen or any other

cabinet minister. Lord Salisbury had apparently no private secretary with him, so we were generally received by the butler, and through him we were informed that we were to return to London the following day. These were the only journeys on which I remember being sent back to London without being allowed two nights in which to repose myself—except, of course, short jobs such as trips to Paris or Brussels—and we were never shown by Lord Salisbury the consideration which we received from Mr. W. H. Smith and others.

But, although I missed being sent to Mr. W. H. Smith, I must not grumble, for I had my bits of luck now and then. I recollect, for instance, that on my first journey to Rome I was asked if I had ever seen Naples. "No," I replied, "but I should much like to go there instead of spending twelve whole days in Rome." On this I was good-naturedly told by the Head of the Chancery that they would make up a bag for Naples and that I could take out a bracelet for Miss F——, who was then living at Naples with Lady H. This journey, of course, cost a certain sum of money, but this was more lightly regarded in those days when the

Government was more free-handed, though taxes were nothing like so heavy.

Before leaving the subject of our journeys to Nice, Mentone, and other Mediterranean resorts I call to mind with great appreciation the civility shown us by M. Paoli, the French Commissaire de Police, who was always stationed at Nice whenever our Queen was there, and through whom the comfort of our journeys was entirely secured. All travellers know the very indifferent reputation of the railway called the "Paris, Lyons, Mediterranée," and its cabalistic abbreviation, P.L.M., which is generally interpreted "*Pour les miserables*"—a pretty fair description of the state of the unfortunate travellers to the South who are generally packed six or eight in a first-class carriage there to pass eighteen or twenty hours in uneasy slumbers, or, during the daylight, in loud groans and subdued blasphemies. I don't know whether this is a device of the company to compel travellers to take sleeping-car tickets, but I do know that we messengers when leaving Nice always found a first-class compartment for Paris locked up for us with a conspicuous plaque of "*Caisse lovée*" attached to the door handle. For these attentions we had, I believe, to

thank M. Paoli, who was also charged with the more important office of securing the persons of Royal travellers from the attacks of any crazy anarchist.

I propose in the following chapters to give some account of my experience of the various capitals I have visited in my capacity of Messenger, but, before doing so I wish to bring to the notice of my readers some of the remarks that have been made by others on the subject of the King's Messengers and their travels. These are particularly interesting as giving a variety of views of the calling to which I belonged for so many years and also as providing some historical information as to the mode of travelling in olden days.

I quote first the profane sentiments of a hostile journalist. I will not advertise the existence of the paper by giving its name. I read, with reference to Queen Victoria's continental journeys as follows: "Why should some portly elderly sinecurist of a Queen's Messenger be sent on Her Majesty's track a few hours after she has started? Why could not the said commission be signed in blank before the Queen leaves the country? What would happen if the functionary lost

his luggage and his despatch box or missed his train ? " etc., etc. I refuse to continue to copy more of these insulting questions.

I will now quote a much more true and sympathetic description of King's Foreign Service Messengers' usefulness, which I take from an article in the *Daily Telegraph* written a few years ago, and occasioned by a motion in the House of Commons by Mr. Labouchere, M.P., for a reduction of one thousand pounds from the grant in respect of Queen's Messengers' salaries. The writer begins by describing how easily secret cyphers are read by persevering detectives.

" From the days of the Marquis of Worcester downward multifarious efforts have been made to render secret correspondence inscrutable to all save the writer and the recipient, but almost every cypher used has been deciphered, and by force of untiring patience, aided by quick apprehension, even the difficulties presented by the *chiffre à grille* have been surmounted. The sender of a letter, written on the *grille* principle, places over the paper on which he intends to write a sheet of cardboard perforated at irregular intervals from top to bottom with longitudinal parallel orifices. In these orifices he writes

his letter or message; he then removes the cardboard, and connects the words written with any nonsense he may choose to write. The receiver of the letter possesses a sheet of perforated cardboard exactly corresponding with that in the keeping of the sender, and when the epistle comes to hand the cardboard *grille* is placed on the paper so that the nonsense is concealed and the real communication is at once legible. After about a hundred attempts, however, a very skilful cryptographer might succeed in picking out the plums of sense from a whole pudding of nonsense.

"It has been often suggested that the services of Foreign Office Messengers might be easily dispensed with if Royal personages would only condescend to entrust their correspondence to the custody of the post. Their letters would be safe enough while they formed part of Her Majesty's mails; nor in all likelihood would any attempt to tamper with them be made in Italy or Spain, in Belgium, in Holland, or in Scandinavia; but it has yet to be shown that the traditions of the *cabinet noir* have altogether vanished from the system of the 'French Administration des Postes'; while feeble indeed would

be the guarantees of safe conduct enjoyed by letters from illustrious individuals passing through the Russian post-office. Even as things stand at present, there is a jocose little game played between persons residing respectively in London and at St. Petersburg, and proving the wonderful dexterity of the Russian Government officials in opening letters.

"The correspondent in London encloses a human hair—preferably a fair or grey hair —in his letter, and in nine cases out of ten when the missive is opened by the correspondent in Russia the hair has disappeared, showing that the missive has been manipulated in the post office. It would thus seem indispensable that dispatches of an important nature and private letters should be as heretofore conveyed by the Foreign Office Messengers, whose functions and attributes seem to have been slightly misunderstood by honourable gentlemen on Tuesday. For example, Mr. A. O'Connor observed that a considerable item in the present vote was to defray the expenses of messengers engaged in distributing Foreign Office papers to newspapers in London, and he contended that this was work which ought not to be performed by officers paid by the State; Mr.

O'Connor was probably unaware that there is no more connection, social or official, between Her Majesty's Foreign Office messengers, commonly called Queen's Messengers, and the persons employed to take round State papers to the newspaper offices than there is between the skipper of a penny steamer and a post-captain in the Navy, or between the serjeant-at-law and a sergeant of police.

"A Queen's Messenger must be a gentleman, and has in many cases borne Her Majesty's commission as an officer in her army. One of the Queen's Messengers at present on the active list is a gentleman usher to the Queen, and, arrayed in very gorgeous uniform, might have been seen officiating at the recent Jubilee function in Westminster Abbey. The ordinary messengers of the various departments of State, popularly known as 'the men with the red boxes,' have a social status about equal to that of door-keepers in public offices, and have usually been gentlemen's servants."

As my service as King's Foreign Service Messenger began as late as 1868, it will be readily understood that at that date the days of posting were over, and that our

journeys, except in times of war, and during unexpected obstructions of the lines by floods or other accidents, were always performed by railway. It may interest some of my readers if I here repeat some of the particulars of Messengers travelling sixty or seventy years ago.

They always, I have been told, used to leave the Foreign Office for Dover in a postchaise and four, having the privilege of the first post horses available while other travellers had to await their turn. This favour was always also extended to them when travelling on the Continent.

At Dover they, of course, took the first packet boat for Calais, where they each kept a comfortable travelling carriage. These vehicles were fitted up with every convenience and I believe cost at starting three or four hundred pounds. In them a bed could be so well made up that I have been assured that, for this reason, and on account of the moderate pace, a night's rest was more satisfactory than in a railway carriage, but the great drawback to continued sleep was the frequent change of horses, which had to be paid for (with a gratification to the drivers) at every stopping place.

I quote the following from an article on modern carriages by Mr. George N. Hooper in the interesting volume of the Badminton Library devoted to "Driving," and edited by the late Duke of Beaufort.

"The contrivances for comfort, safety, and conveyance of luggage had attained a perfection that was greatly appreciated by well-to-do travellers. Capacious and neatly fitted boxes, with covers to exclude rain and dust, were carried on the roofs of closed carriages; some were placed under the cushion, others in and on the front boot. Two wells, secured to the bottom of the carriage, contained provisions, accessible from trap-doors in the carriage flooring; the sword-case projecting from the back of the body (easily accessible from the interior) contained arms for those inside the carriage, while the front of the body was furnished with a folding sunshade and Venetian blinds with movable laths for sultry weather; spring curtains kept off the sun's rays, and a lamp with one or two candles, fixed at the back of the carriage, lighted the interior; the heat, burnt air, and smoke of the wax candles passing away outside the carriage. Some of these elaborate private carriages were provided with "dormeuse"

boots, and from them could be developed beds affording accommodation for sleeping during night journeys. Veritably Pullman's sleeping cars were anticipated, and in use long before he was heard of.

"Some of the most complete, compact, and hard-working of these noted travelling carriages were used by the King's Messengers to his ambassadors in foreign capitals. The safe custody and rapid delivery of important Government despatches from one end of Europe to another entailed great responsibility and care on the part of those entrusted with them. These Messengers were generally retired military and naval officers, or other hardy, adventurous gentlemen. Occasionally the incessant and continuous rapid travelling of many days was so exhausting that they had to be lifted out of their carriages on reaching their distant destination. In very hot or very inclement weather their suffering was sometimes acute."

CHAPTER XII

VIENNA

Greville Sartoris—The Prater—The Volksgarten—The 'Stock in Eisen'—Austrian Hotels—Herr Cavaliero—Charles Lever.

My first journey was to the pleasantest of all capitals—Vienna—and to make the acquaintance of the pleasantest of all peoples, the Austrians. Nowhere was an Englishman better received than in Austria, and even in the darkest days of the late Boer War, when almost every continental newspaper was full of rejoicing at the English defeats, the Austrian and Hungarian journals, with some exceptions, wished us well. From what I have heard and read I believe that our most sympathizing friend was the Emperor Francis Joseph, but enough of these depressing memories; let us hope that England will never again be in so tight a place.

When I started on my first journey everything was new to me. Beyond a couple of visits to Paris I knew nothing of the Continent and took little interest in foreigners or their affairs. At that time our Ambassador to

Austria was the late Lord Bloomfield. I cannot say that I saw much of his lordship. The rest of the Embassy were extremely kind and friendly. I recollect particularly our present popular Ambassador at Vienna, Sir F. Plunkett, and Arthur Seymour, who still happily survives, and was a Harrow schoolfellow of mine. There, too, I met Greville Sartoris, an excellent rider, and, like myself, devoted to horses, who met his death in the saddest way through a fall from his horse some years later—a great shock to his many friends. He had served for a short time in the 11th Hussars, so went by the name of "the Cornet," a title now extinguished (I know not for what reason) in the British Army. He was always a first-rate horseman, and devoted to steeplechasing, and shortly before his death he had won the Grand Steeplechase at Baden on "Transylvanian."

At the time of my first visiting Vienna the Austrians were just recovering from the blow of the disastrous battle of Sadowa, which had been fought only about eighteen months previously, and the result of which I, in common with most Englishmen, deeply deplored. The old fortifications of the town had not long been demolished, but the

Ringstrasse and the beautiful Opera House were already in existence.

Early in 1868 I took several journeys to Vienna and was well amused. There were occasional races and steeplechases in the spring, and in the evenings there were several well conducted dancing establishments open to a pleasure seeker. During the carnival and the Mi-Carême Viennese life was a sight to see—nowhere did people enjoy themselves so thoroughly. It is now many years since I have spent any long time in Vienna, but I have been there once or twice for a day or two. I can see that the city has considerably increased, but not to the same extent as its upstart rival Berlin. The climate of Vienna is not good, but there is no other drawback to one's enjoyment of the place. The beautiful situation of the city, the interesting old churches and monuments, the recollections of the exploits of Prince Eugene and the Archduke Charles, all these were to me an unending source of interest.

Who that has been to Vienna can forget the beauties of the Prater? Where else can be seen such smart carriages with such pretty occupants? Then, too, the scene was enlivened by the smart white uniforms of the

Austrian officers, which have since been changed to a greyish blue. I remember particularly the Windischgratz Dragoon Regiment, who were not allowed to wear moustaches, but had to content themselves with mutton-chop whiskers! This regulation was made as a compliment to the 14th Dragoons for having, when composed of beardless boys, turned out at short notice and defeated the enemy in one of the campaigns of Prince Eugene of Savoy.

Another favourite recreation ground of the Viennese is the Volksgarten, where is to be seen the celebrated statue of Theseus, by Canova, and where used to be heard the magnificent music of the bands of Edouard and Johan Strauss. Nowhere did one find more polite and obliging inhabitants than in Vienna, and with the races for lovers of the turf and the finest bands in the world for those devoted to military music there was enjoyment for everyone. All my earliest recollections of foreign travel are most vivid when I think of Vienna, and, though for the last fifteen or twenty years we seldom have spent a night there, I still revisit the Kaiserstadt regretfully in my dreams. Last time I was there—some three or four years ago—I did

not think the place improved. A good deal of building had been done, and a good many interesting old places altered; prices also had gone up! But I was glad to recognize my old acquaintance, the "Stock im Eisen," at the corner of the Graben and the Kärnthner Strasse. This, as many people know, is an old stump of a tree which grew in the Middle Ages in the Wiener Wald or woods which surrounded Vienna. Every apprentice arriving at the town hammered a nail into the stump, with the result that it is now one mass of nails, and so is called "The staff of iron."

Many English people do not like the Viennese cuisine, but I found it always to my taste. The Hungarian wines are very good, and the coffee, bread (made from Polish flour), and the butter the best in Europe.

My first visit found me at the Hôtel Archduke Charles, and I stuck to it for some years. I then migrated to the Hôtel Munsch, which I found rather dull. As a matter of fact I greatly preferred to these two the more truly Austrian and less cosmopolitan Hôtel Meissl and Schadn. All these houses are inside the "Stadt" or ancient city, and far preferable to, and I think cheaper, than the new gaudy palaces in the Ringstrasse.

There was one element of romance in my early experiences of Austria. In the first years of my career it was my lot to make a few journeys by the Danube boats from Vienna or Pesth to Orsova, on the Hungarian frontier, and this was a most agreeable (though not very rapid) mode of conveyance, particularly to the young and romantic. Many were the singular episodes said to take place on those vessels. I used to hear much said about these things, and had I been of a curious disposition, no doubt I might have witnessed many striking scenes. But I did not take much interest in love affairs, and if I heard anything at the time worth recording I fear that it has by this time been forgotten.

Throughout Austria *amours* are conducted in a most open and unrestricted manner. An Austrian inn-keeper is seldom gifted with the Paul Pry disposition of the British Boniface, but I am writing now of Danubian river-boats and not of English hostelries, so I will content myself with saying that these boats had the reputation of being the haunts of adventurers of both sexes, and that I should recommend the unwary traveller to be careful with whom he makes acquaintance, and

particularly at the moment when his advances seemed on the point of being crowned with success. The society of these Polish and Hungarian boat-pilgrims is often very captivating, but the " suites " of the acquaintance are not always so satisfactory.

Before leaving the subject of Vienna I should like to mention that among the many agreeable acquaintances I made there years ago was Herr Cavaliero, of whom I used to see a good deal. He was a well-known man in racing circles in the sixties and seventies. A large buyer of blood stock in England for the Austrian Government, he was to be found at most of Tattersall's sales of race-horses. I am not sure of his nationality, but he spoke English perfectly, and I have been told that he was a native of Gibraltar.

A very different man was the witty Irishman, Charles Lever, in whose society some of my pleasantest hours in Vienna were spent. Once travelling with him from Paris to Vienna his conversation was so overpoweringly amusing that I was literally tired with continual laughter. I knew him well. One could not wish for a more charming companion. His appearance was very remarkable for the droll expression of his eyes and for his resemblance

to an Irish priest. His face was always close shaved, and he told me that he had a horror of beards and moustaches and a great contempt for those who could not play whist! He also confided to me that his great desire was to obtain an honorary degree at Oxford, a distinction to which I fear that he never attained. His jokes and anecdotes succeeded each other in an uninterrupted stream till far into the night, and I longed at length for the relief of sleep. Lever was at that time our Consul at Trieste, but I think that of the two places he preferred Vienna, and who can wonder at it who has ever known the latter. Berlin may build larger barracks and more pretentious banks, and may continually recall to the recollection of mankind the merits of the Great Elector, of Frederic II., and the Emperor William I., but to the memory of the traveller of taste—

"Es gibt nur eine Kaiser Stadt
Es gibt nur eine Wien."

CHAPTER XIII

PARIS

The Paris and Calais Station — Calais — Captain Hotham—Lord Lyons—The Franco-Prussian War—Official Uniform—Newspaper Correspondents.

I MUST no longer postpone the claims of our nearest neighbour, and will devote this chapter to such experiences as I can recall of my travels in *la belle France*.

For many years after the beginning of my service under the Foreign Office Despatches were conveyed from London to Calais in the English mail and locked up (I suppose) in charge of a Post Office official to be delivered by the Vice-Consul to the Queen's Messenger in waiting to convey them to Paris. This Messenger's duty was called "The Paris and Calais station," and we had each of us to undertake this when it so fell out. One of us had to reside in Paris for a fortnight, leaving for Calais twice and spending twenty-four hours twice during each week at Calais.

This duty was not popular with us. Though not fatiguing it was excessively irksome, as

we always had to travel by night, and Monday was the only day of the week of which some part was not spent on the railway and, thirty-five, or indeed twenty, years ago, travelling on the Northern of France railway was not so luxurious as it now is. Few Englishmen know much of Calais beyond its buffet, but before the late demolitions it was not an uninteresting place. There was generally a variety in watching the passengers by the boat trains—one always found some acquaintances coming from, or going to, England, and it was interesting to watch the tenderness to each other of young married couples, or the still more marked affection shown by those people whose love for each other could at best be merely ephemeral.

Calais is made interesting to the literary man by the writings of Sterne, to the dandy by the recollection of Beau Brummel, and to the sportsman by its being the death-scene of the too-celebrated John Mytton of Halston. Besides these long-dead celebrities there resided about forty years ago the well-known George Hudson, "the Railway King." He was a typical John Bull to the last, and there are many singular tales of him told by the Calaisiens. He spoke absolutely no French,

and was too old to acquire it, and one night when giving a dinner to English friends, he had a sudden reason for wishing for no listeners, so he turned round to the waiters and addressed them, "Now, you fellows, go out, I say go!" and, in despair for a word of French, he finished by "Départez, Départez."

To a contented mind any place is endurable, but I should have been dull enough but for my most fortunate friendship with the British Consul and his family—Captain Beaumont Hotham, late of the Grenadier Guards, who has a very large acquaintance, and I am sure is as popular as he is well known. Since I began this narrative I have had occasion to mention my good luck in making many pleasant friendships, but there is no one the recollection of whose kindness is more vivid in my memory than that of Captain and Mrs. Hotham. They both succeeded in a very difficult task—I mean in being as congenial to the French as to the English. I hope and believe that they are as contented in their retirement as they made me when they were stationed at Calais.

For nearly twenty years from the beginning of my service the late Lord Lyons continued to be the British Ambassador to Paris. He

was to me, as to all his friends and acquaintances, most kind and hospitable. Though he cared little for the stable, I think that I never saw better turned-out horses and carriages than his, even during the height of the London season. He was no gourmet, but gave excellent dinners, with the best wine, though drinking only water himself. Unmarried, when surrounded by his secretaries and attachés he reminded me of the possible appearance of some ancient Greek philosopher with his following of students and pupils. He seemed to have no taste for amusement of an active kind, and to take his chief pleasure in despatch writing and in solving acrostics. He was, as everyone knows, one of the most distinguished and trusted of our diplomatists, and I was much pained, the only time that I ever heard a debate in the House of Commons, to have to listen to a most unwarrantable attack on him by the late Sir Robert Peel.

Up to the year 1870 I have nothing worth recording of my travels in France. In May that year I was fortunate to draw in the Embassy lottery at Paris the name of the horse Kingcraft, Lord Falmouth's winner of the Derby, and in July came the declaration

of war with Prussia. I can well remember the excitement on the boulevards. The excited crowds, the cheering, and the shouts of "A Berlin" made a great impression on me, and I certainly thought that a people so confident of victory must have good reasons for their hopes, and I for one expected to hear of the French capturing Berlin before the end of the year. I have since heard that these patriotic shouts either proceeded from the Imperial policemen or were inspired by them. Every railway station was surrounded by yelling crowds, and at most of them thousands of soldiers were arriving, many of them, I think, disguised in liquor. In six short weeks what a change and what an awakening! I do not think that history records anything like it. Without having taken much interest in the matter, my good wishes were with the French. In all the wars which I can remember, I resembled Cato in my sympathies, as the conquered cause always pleased me best. I wished the Southern Americans to beat the North, the Danes to beat the Germans, and the Austrians to beat the Prussians, but I was always "on the wrong horse." I had in 1870 only a faint preference for the French, possibly

because of their having been so lately our allies in the Crimea.

In the month of September the British Embassy moved to the château of Rigny, about three miles from Tours, where the Ambassador was most kind to us Messengers after our frequent unpleasant experiences in Normandy or Brittany on our way from London. The road from Calais being difficult, as Paris had to be avoided, I had a lot of road work in those days and horses were not easily obtained for vehicles, and the provincial pothouses offered poor accommodation. I did not particularly like Tours, and was very glad when our Embassy moved on to Bordeaux, a place which suited me exactly, though the journeys to and from London were difficult and wearisome.

During this autumn, Paris being invested by the Prussians, the Queen's Messengers were allowed to use their own discretion as to the best way of reaching Tours or Bordeaux when Lord Lyons and the British Embassy were living in either of those towns. I remember taking various routes, sometimes by Calais or Boulogne as far as Amiens, and then taking another line to Rouen, and so on through Normandy to the South.

Sometimes I went by Southampton and Havre, and sometimes by Southampton and St. Malo. Arrived at these French ports I generally found that the trains had ceased to run, so I had to do the best I could to forward my despatches to their destination.

Our inconveniences—not to say hardships—in those days were very real. First, there was the cold suspicion with which every Frenchman regarded a foreigner, particularly if he were English, the English being suspected (very unjustly) of sympathising with the Germans. They were, moreover, looked upon as spies come to gloat over the miseries of France in order to write accounts to the newspapers on their return to England. I was frequently addressed with great incivility. I was also twice arrested by the police, once at Redon, and once at a town the name of which I have forgotten, both times on suspicion of being a spy to the Germans. On appearing before some petty official and showing my passport I was in each case immediately released, but to be conducted by police through a yelling and hostile crowd is not a pleasant experience. I wish I could remember these incidents in greater detail, but to recall the events of thirty-five years

ago requires an exceptionally good memory! Of course, I could make every allowance for the irritability of Frenchmen at such a time, and there were exceptions to the rule which stood out in pleasant contrast. I can, for instance, recall with gratitude the extreme kindness that we received from one old Frenchwoman. At that time the Germans had not reached Le Mans, a considerable town in Brittany and a large railway junction. At this station, where we used often to take the train for Tours, there dwelt an old woman who had, I think, in quieter times kept the railway buffet, and I shall always remember how well she treated us poor Queen's Messengers. Sometimes two or three of us happened to meet there, and she always had a room for us at the back of the station, with a comfortable shakedown and something to stay our craving stomachs.

To return to the travelling of those unsettled days, it was mostly accomplished by hired carriages, light two-wheeled carts, and an occasional diligence. This last was always crowded, and generally filled with excited women who chattered of "Les Prussiens" as only a Frenchwoman can. When I add that these women were mostly accompanied

by squalling children it will be readily understood that, when I could obtain it, I preferred to hire a vehicle to myself. This, of course, was obtained at famine prices, but on sending in the bill to my employers of the Foreign Office it was always paid without a murmur. I think that some of the officials were glad enough to see us arrive alive with our despatches, though our risks and labours were never recognized in any way.

On one occasion when I had just got out of Paris and the clutches of the communards, the late Lord Hammond sent for me. He asked me a few questions and then, assuming his most engaging manner, said that he was "always very much pleased to see us gentlemen arrive safely in London." That was the beginning and end of the interest that we excited. To turn to the voyages by water I certainly did not at all like the very indifferent boats that took passengers and mails from Southampton to Havre or St. Malo, and I always seemed to leave Southampton in a storm. I recollect that on one occasion we had to lie for two or three days off St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight, and as the boat was not victualled for so long a period, the discomfort was very great. We had on

board a dissenting minister who improved the occasion by praying aloud in his cabin, and preaching in the saloon to anyone who would listen to him.

In the autumn of 1870, when Lord Lyons and the British Embassy were living at the Château of Rigny, near Tours, the Queen's Messengers had to take up their quarters in that city where there were two fair hotels. The leading house was the Hôtel de l'Univers, but this was always so crowded that we concluded to descend at the Hôtel du Faisan, which was not at all bad, and none the worse for being the resting-place of the "Commis Voyageurs," who, like their counterparts, the British bagmen, always know how to make themselves comfortable. Every hotel at that time was crammed from cellar to roof with refugees from Paris, as the French Government, in its many vicissitudes, had fixed on Tours as a temporary head-quarters. Here were to be found Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of every class, official, military, and mercantile. Whole families were to be seen amongst them as well as adventurers of the male sex, and adventurous Parisian ladies not always of the highest respectability. During the dinner hour there

was a perfect Babel of voices, but the two or three Messengers who used to dine there generally managed to secure a separate table, which they shared with several newspaper correspondents, among whom was the late Mr. Frederick Hardman, of the *Times*. He had, I believe, served in the Spanish Army, and had passed much of his life on the Continent.

Lord Lyons, with his invariable kindness, used to ask me and my colleagues to breakfast at Rigny on our arrival from London, and we also occasionally dined there. I need hardly say that the cuisine was a great improvement on that of the Faisan, and the quiet conversation much more interesting than the jabber of the hotel *salle à manger*.

Tours is a fine city, but, like most provincial towns, very dull. The purest French is said to be spoken there, and the neighbourhood used on that account to be the home of many English families. The French Government, in its straits, was said to be intending to move further South, to Nogent-le-Rotrou, but at last we heard with satisfaction that, on account of the German advance to Orleans and Touraine, the seat of Government was to be fixed at Bordeaux.

Bordeaux, of course, necessitated a longer journey from England, and we Messengers were then forced to make the journey to London through Brittany, and a very rough job it was. I arrived one night at Nantes and found it impossible to get a bedroom till four o'clock in the morning; only some three or four hours before I had to start again for St. Malo. I liked Bordeaux extremely. It is one of the finest cities in France. The Bordelais are a pleasant race, the wine is good and cheap, the theatre is excellent, and I was so well amused there that I once or twice exchanged duties with a colleague to be allowed to stay on in a place I liked so well. Of course, I was there only for three or four days at a time, and during the last of my journeys to London I got a bad chill, and was laid up for six weeks. I reported my illness to the Foreign Office doctor, who examined me and said that as the Chief Clerk had told him that there were very few Queen's Messengers to do the duty he must give nobody sick leave. What this had to do with the medico's business I never could understand, but having a gathering in the neck and throat I went at once to Sir James Paget, who ordered me to bed promptly,

saying that he could hardly believe that Dr. W—— had reported me as fit for duty. Some time after, on meeting Dr. W——, I told him what Sir James Paget had said of him. His only reply was that mine was a surgical case, and that he was a physician. I asked him why on earth, in that case, he had ventured his opinion!

During one of my journeys at this time I witnessed an amusing scene in the buffet of some station (I think at Redon or Le Mans) between some of the Garibaldian Legion and a party of the Breton Zouaves that were commanded by de Charette. The Garibaldians began insulting the Zouaves by calling them "Calotins" or priestly minions. I hoped at one time to enjoy a good fight, but it did not last long, as the Garibaldians ran away from the Zouaves, who certainly were the first provoked, and behaved with dignity throughout.

This may be the place to mention an unfortunate experience of a Queen's Messenger in 1870. Our Foreign Office authorities, though justly admired for their methods of dealing with diplomatic questions, are not always so successful in handling matters of minor importance. To illustrate this let me

describe how a well-intended measure brought great calamities on one of my colleagues. At the beginning of the Franco-German War the Foreign Office, foreseeing that the Queen's Messengers might be put to great inconvenience, and the safety of the despatches endangered when travelling in the tracks of the contending armies, took into serious consideration how the said Messengers could be clothed in some official uniform, or carry some more distinctive marks than our well-known silver greyhound, which, when seen by Frenchman or German, would invest the wearer with a sort of sanctity.

After some deliberation the Foreign Office, properly considering that the Messengers' coats and nether garments were beneath their notice, fixed on a pattern for an official cap (said to be the invention of the late Lord Hammond), and we were ordered to wear this head covering when approaching the scene of actual fighting. Unfortunately it was modelled on the head-dress of the Prussian staff, and naturally offensive to the French nation. There was at that time in our corps a very zealous Queen's Messenger, and, for reasons of his own, much happier on the continent than in England. My colleague

was married, and his wife was possessed with the idea that his conduct when abroad was not all that she could wish, and distrusted the company in which she fancied that he passed his time. This poor man, when carrying despatches by road in France, fell in with a band of lawless franctireurs, who, on observing his cap took him for a Prussian, and swore that they would hang him. He was permitted to take refuge in a small *auberge* for the night, his persecutors promising that they would return for his execution in the morning. He related afterwards that on reaching a bedroom he at once barricaded the door with a wardrobe, and feeling sure that his end was approaching, he said his prayers. These orisons may have made him reflect on his past life, and he thought that his death would be happier if he made a clean breast of matters to his wife, so sitting down he addressed a letter to her with a long account of his by-gone misdemeanours. This done, he bribed the "Patron" to send his letter to the nearest post office. The next morning some regular French cavalry rode up, examined his papers, and, to his great joy, released him, but then a new anxiety arose, how to recall the damning confessions

made in his letter? The letter was gone and in time reached the lady! I draw a veil over the conjugal scene that occurred on my colleague's reaching London, but he affirmed to me that he "wished many times that he had been hanged straight off by those franctireurs." His cap was not that of Fortunatus.

On the conclusion of peace a fresh war broke out between the regular French Government and the Communards, which ended in blood and fire and the destruction of the Tuileries. The British Embassy was then at Versailles, and I was several times in Paris when governed by the Communards. I was there when General Clément Thomas and several priests were shot on March 18th. I was walking in the boulevards on that day, and heard a few shots fired, and in an instant every shop shutter was up, and the street empty of vehicles and foot people, all skurrying off, and disappearing in the twinkling of an eye down the nearest back street. Though totally ignorant of the cause of alarm, I paid them the compliment of imitation, and cleared out of the boulevards at my best pace. I still possess one or two of the passports issued by these rascals when they governed

Paris. How well I recollect the appearance of these swaggering Communards, their filthy persons and dirty, bearded countenances, their waists garnished with a scarlet scarf, with a trailing sabre rattling at their heels. Still though their appearance was repulsive, and their demeanour ridiculously pompous, their manners to the Queen's Messengers were civil enough.

When consulting my friends about writing these recollections I am always advised to write about the various rough characters I came across when Paris was in the grasp of the Commune, and to recount some of the strange street scenes that I then witnessed. Gladly would I do so if it were not that I can recall few such incidents, inasmuch as I was chiefly at Versailles or travelling backwards and forwards to London during most of the Communistic reign in Paris. (*Par parenthèse*, I may say that I believe I was at Epsom on the day that the Tuileries were burnt.) As I have said elsewhere, I always found the Communards pretty civil in the streets. I witnessed only one piece of insolence to women. Two well-dressed ladies were driving quietly along the Rue de la Paix in a fiacre when they were rudely stopped by a

dirty looking official (I suppose he called himself a policeman) with a red sash, who stopped the coachman, and without moving his hat, shouted at them "Comment donc vous insultez le peuple! Descendez et marchez comme les autres!"

During the war against Prussia and the fighting with the Commune, we were a good deal thrown into the company—the very agreeable company—of many newspaper correspondents. I recollect amongst others the late Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, F. Hardman, and C. Austin, of the *Times*, and others. Austin was an old friend, being a Fellow of St. John's College. I must not forget also to mention my acquaintance with the celebrated M. de Blowitz. I always think that Madame Sarah Bernhardt paid M. de Blowitz the neatest possible compliment in sending him a present with this message "La plus fine de corps au plus fin d'esprit." None of these correspondents survive.

I have already described Mr. Hardman and the celebrated M. de Blowitz. The lamented Mr. Lawrence Oliphant was, I believe, the *Times* correspondent in Paris, and was a most successful writer as well as being a general favourite. I think, though I am

not absolutely sure, that he had been private secretary to the late Lord Elgin in China. He was a very amusing companion, particularly when relating his experiences in America; and, though he held some rather singular opinions, he never gave his friends the benefit of them. He was for a long time resident at Constantinople, where I am under the impression that he was engaged in writing a book. He always looked delicate from his excessive leanness, and I was not surprised to hear of his death some years ago.

Another correspondent of the *Times* whom I knew very well was Mr. Dobson, of St. Petersburg, a perfect Russian scholar with a thorough knowledge of Russian character. I am reminded of him through reading a most fascinating book by Colonel the Hon. F. A. Wellesley, whom I knew intimately in St. Petersburg. The book to which I refer is called "Russia in Peace and War," and Colonel Wellesley will pardon me if I give him a free testimonial and advise everybody whether interested or not in Russia to read it at once. It is charmingly and modestly written, and bears the stamp of truth on every page. I really think that the author of this book was when I knew him one of the

most promising officers in the British Army. With quite unusual talents he united a remarkably strong will and a sound appreciation in judging of men whether in a high or low position. Having been brought up in Paris and served in the Guards, he had, even as a subaltern, a knowledge of human nature very rare among British officers.

I knew also at St. Petersburg the late Sir R. Morier, who was most kind and hospitable, and always interested in hearing news of Oxford, where he was very intimate with the late Dr. Jowett.

Talking of correspondents I may mention that when in Vienna I knew well Mr. W. Lavino, who was formerly the representative there of the *Daily Telegraph*, and now holds the same post in Paris on behalf of the *Times*. He was very friendly with the British diplomats, and popular with all who knew him.

Another friend of mine, who is the *Times'* correspondent at Berlin, and, like all the representatives of that newspaper, a most talented man, is Mr. George Saunders, whose sound and outspoken opinions on German diplomacy have attracted much attention in Berlin as well as in London.

Mr. C. Austin, the correspondent of the *Times* in Paris during the Commune, was a friend of mine of many years' standing. He and I and many correspondents used often to dine together at a certain restaurant on the boulevards during the dark days of March, 1871.

I had one rather interesting experience when the British Embassy was at Versailles and the Communists in possession of Paris. I had to set off one morning very early with a despatch for (I think) Mr. Malet (now Sir E. Malet) in Paris. I engaged a carriage and started, but having to pass near one of the forts held by the Versailles troops—as far as I can recollect it was Mont Valérien—the firing got so hot and the shots aimed at the Communist forces came so near that my coachman refused to go on, and I had eventually to get into Paris by the Prussian lines of occupation. Later on, when in Paris, I had several disagreeable adventures with the Communard officials, but they were not serious, as the Communards, for some reason unknown to me, were rather civil to the English at that time. I forget the dates and details of my troubles, but the story of the second siege of Paris has been often told

by more practised pens, so I will not dilate further on that subject.

Some of our pleasantest journeys to France were in the reign of the late Queen, when we were sent to her with despatches to Mentone, Nice, Aix-les-Bains, and other places. At one of these, I think Aix-les-Bains, two of the English clergy who were expecting to officiate the following Sunday before Her Majesty, used to live in the same hotel as the Queen's Messengers, and I could overhear their heated discussions as to which one was to preach before Royalty, and which would only have the honour of reading prayers—preaching, of course, being the object of each. On one occasion the Queen was seated close to the Communion rails and within two feet of the officiating clergyman, who, I suppose, having been disappointed in his hopes of giving a twenty minutes' discourse, watched his opportunity for distinction. He waited till he got to the collect for the Queen which follows the recital of the Commandments, and when he reached the words "chosen servant, Queen Victoria, that she knowing whose minister she is," lowered his book and pitched his voice in a most solemn tone, thrusting his face close to hers, to the

amusement of both the Queen and her subjects.

Once, when in one of these English churches abroad, I happened to have a seat where I could see our Sovereign so close to me as to raise the envy of the worshippers. After a time I felt a finger laid on my arm and a soft voice whispered "May I have the help of your shoulders to see Her Majesty?" I looked round and saw a stout elderly Englishwoman, and answered "I don't understand you," as I feared she meant to get astride my neck, but, without further question, up she got on the chair behind, and there stood till the congregation was dismissed. On reaching the porch at the conclusion of the service I looked at her reprovingly for her singular conduct, and she hastened to explain to me that she "was a Nonconformist," which she certainly was, as far as the rules of decorum restrain us.

CHAPTER XIV

RUSSIA

Wierzboloff—Moscow—A Nihilist Scare—An Anglican Bishop—Warsaw—Finland—Snowed up—The Russo-Turkish War—Odessa—St. Petersburg—Mr. Pension Benson.

I OUGHT perhaps to tell more of my life in France, a country in which I spent so many years, but I will now go on to describe various scenes that I witnessed in a much less congenial country—the great Russian Empire. Every King's Messenger has continual journeys to St. Petersburg, and I don't think that they were ever favourite ones. That town is dull and the climate almost always in extremes. During my service there were many ambassadors sent to St. Petersburg, of all of whom I have the pleasantest recollection. Sir Andrew Buchanan was a real old sporting Englishman, or rather Scotchman, an excellent four-in-hand coachman, and devoted to hunting. When I was young there was a pack of English fox-hounds kept near St. Petersburg, and they had two hunting

seasons, spring and autumn. Sir Andrew hunted regularly, and I think used to drive his coach to the meet. After him came Lord Augustus Loftus, who was very friendly to all of us Messengers, and as truly Irish as his predecessor was truly Scotch. I have just read of his lamented death.

After that came Lord Dufferin, whose praise is in all the churches; the late Sir R. Morier; Sir N. O'Conor, now at Constantinople; Sir Frank Lascelles, now at Berlin; and our late ambassador, Sir Charles Scott. I am sure that I have every reason to speak well of the kindness of all of them.

By the mention of the late Lord Dufferin I am reminded of a journey that I once took with him from St. Petersburg to Berlin. On reaching the last station in Russia before crossing the German frontier (I may mention that this place is called in German Wirballen, in Russian Wierzboloff) all passengers are detained some time for the examination of passports, which is exacted by the Russian Government on leaving as well as on entering Russia. Passing this place so often as I had to do in discharge of my duty, I became quite friendly—almost intimate—with the polite railway officials, particularly with the station

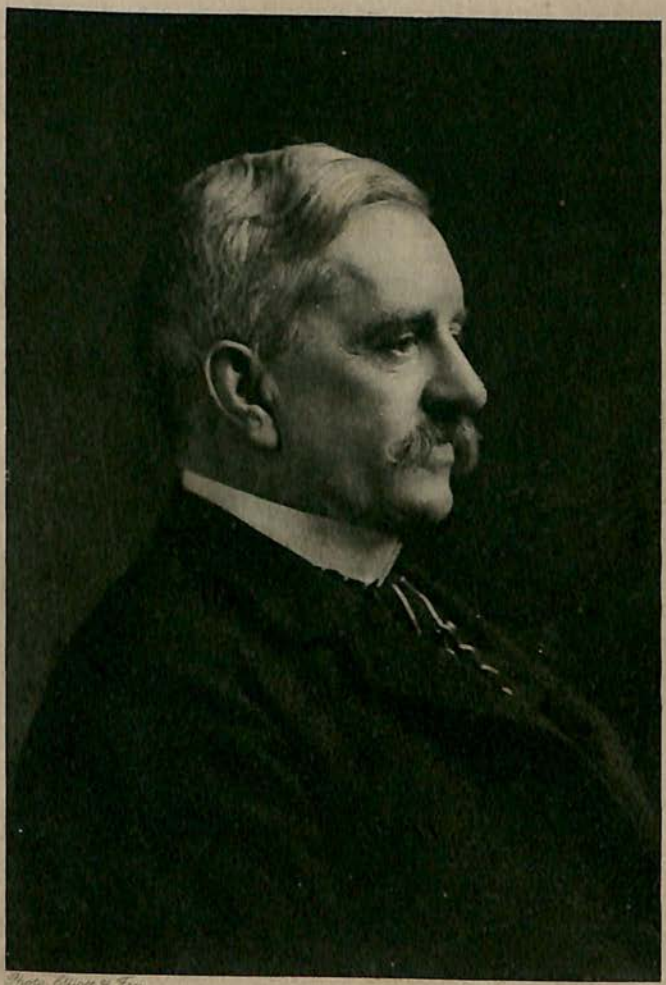

Photo. Elliott & Fry.

Charles S. Scott

St Petersburg

1904.

master, a man of good position. On the occasion in question, during the examination of the passports, this official asked me if he could speak to me on a subject of some importance. He began by demanding whether my fellow traveller was the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and if so whether I would represent to him as follows: that almost all the crowned heads and royalties of Europe had, in recognition of his attentions to them when passing Wierzboloff, sent him a cross or decoration of more or less importance, but that to this rule there was one exception. He had received no British order or mark of distinction, and begged me to describe to him the various British decorations, and to point out one that would suit his case. I told him all that I knew of the Order of the Bath, viz., that it was reserved for distinguished military, naval, or civil services to the British Government. Then, that the Star of India was reserved for Indian officials of distinction. The Order of St. Michael and St. George for prominent colonists, etc., etc., but none of these seemed to satisfy him. He asked if I could not recollect some honour that had no particular condition or reservation attached to it. I

could think of nothing but the Garter. He jumped at this, and begged me to represent the matter to Lord Dufferin, which I faithfully did, but up to the present time I have not seen this poor man's name amongst the Knights of that Order which Lord Melbourne admired so much as requiring "no damned merit" to obtain it. I told this story to Lord Ronald Gower, who has quoted it in his "Old Diaries," but not quite correctly, and he moreover gives the name of the station as Fehrbellin, which I believe was the name of one of the battles of "The Great Elector."

Of course, we Messengers were not sent to remote parts of the Russian Empire, but I have been in my course of service to Warsaw, to Finland, several times to Odessa, and once to Moscow, where I was fortunate enough to witness the coronation of the present Emperor in May, 1895.

The coronation itself was a most magnificent sight, but the ceremony was very long and almost wearisome. Moscow was crowded with visitors. Every house was full from basement to roof, but I managed to get fairly lodged in the same house with the late Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton). It is a good plan to be guided by the Church on

these occasions, the temporal advantages quite equalling the spiritual ones! I was told that the officials of the Russian Court and all the diplomatic circle had to stand during the most exhausting ceremonial of the coronation. I think that some of the poor ladies smuggled campstools into the cathedral, disposing them cleverly underneath their skirts or trains.

The Coronation reminds me of an alarming experience near St. Petersburg, when travelling from Berlin. On reaching Gatschina, a station about an hour and a half from the capital, my train was delayed an unconscionable time. There was a Frenchman in the train who told me that he spoke Russian, and he at once anxiously questioned the station master, whose story was that it was suspected that the line to St. Petersburg was mined by Nihilists in the hope of blowing up the Czar, whose Imperial train was then waiting at Gatschina.

The authorities, according to the railway official, were kindly deliberating as to whether it would not be advisable to send on the mail train (my train) in front of the Emperor's on the chance of its being blown up instead of his. This my Frenchman explained with

many gestures, and fearing that I might not be sufficiently impressed, broke into English, "One will make jomp our train." His communication certainly produced that effect (jomping) on me. I reflected that though the vicarious sacrifice of a King's Messenger may not count for much, and that fifty or sixty passengers may be cheerfully butchered to make a Russian Emperor's holiday, yet I could not think so lightly of the possible loss of the despatches that I was carrying, and felt that I must provide for their absolute safety, so I descended at once to make a serious representation, and was much relieved to find that after all we were to follow in the track of the Emperor.

On another occasion I was travelling to the German frontier, and at either Luga or Pskoff, I met a bishop of the Church of England, whose shadowy diocese reached from John o' Groats to the North Pole, and who was in sad distress. I had the pleasure already of his acquaintance, and he quickly unfolded his tale. He was on a confirmation tour among the English in Russia, and through some mistake the case containing his "pastoral staff" had been left behind. He described it as looking "like a gun case," so

I suppose that some thievish Russian with a taste for sport, had carried it off, hoping to enjoy a day's shooting. What must have been the rascal's disappointment when he found that the powers of the wonder-working weapon were only ghostly? When I met the Prelate it was snowing hard, and he was protecting himself with an umbrella, so I pointed out to him, as an occasion for thankfulness, how much more serious it would have been to lose his gamp, but my attempt at consolation had little effect. I suppose that a bishop without his staff is as a fiddle without the bow.

While on the subject of bishops the thought recurs to me of my invariable embarrassment when in the company of an auxiliary or colonial prelate. Ought he to be addressed as "My lord?" "Honour to whom honour is due" is an excellent motto, and one always likes to be correct in these matters, but to call an ecclesiastic by an unduly high title might make him think that he was being ridiculed. The question seems to be whether the title is conferred by the archbishop's consecration, and therefore the invariable accompaniment of the pastoral crook and the gaiters, or whether

the fact of the prelate having a good income, a palace for a residence, and a seat in the House of Lords alone gives a right to be addressed as a peer. As an admirer of the British constitution, and a bit of an Erastian, I incline to think the last-named qualifications necessary. If I am wrong will some kind critic correct me ?

It is thirty-seven years since I was at Warsaw, where I was very kindly received by the late Colonel C. E. Mansfield. He and Mrs. Mansfield were, like every English man and woman, very anti-Russian, and from them I learnt to feel a deep sympathy for the Poles, a civilized nation, under the hoof of the Russian autocrat. Warsaw is a fine town, very prettily situated, but impressing one with a sense of melancholy. The inhabitants—one-third of whom appear to be Jews—look crushed and unhappy. The only well-to-do inhabitants seemed to be the officers and men of the endless Russian regiments.

Finland, which I also visited, appears from recent events to be a not exactly contented province, but life there did not seem to be so depressing as in Poland. When obliged to stay some days in St. Petersburg I used

occasionally to take a trip to Finland when invited by some friend possessing a *villégiature* there. The country is lovely, though rather tame. There are not more than four hills in the province. It is a land of green and blue—light green grass and dark green evergreens, relieved by the brightest of blue skies and endless deep blue lakes. Finland is the delight of the fisherman, with whose art I am entirely unacquainted.

I stayed at Wiborg and Helsingfors, and found them a pleasant relief from St. Petersburg in the dead summer season, where the only distraction is a drive to the Islands in broad daylight at nine or ten o'clock in the evening. In the winter there are, of course, other distractions, and I used greatly to enjoy going to the "Ice Hills," where a sort of high wooden pavilion is surrounded by a track of ice on which Russians and foreigners disport themselves nightly by dashing up and down the frozen slopes either in a sitting posture or flat upon their stomachs in toboggans. I never saw anyone enjoy this sport more than the British Ambassador, the late Lord Dufferin.

As everybody is wrapped in furs, and the wooden pavilion is well warmed,

no cold is felt, and the tracks are lighted by electricity.

I was painfully interested a few months ago in the accounts of the mob-rule at Cronstadt. I have only been there once or twice on my way to see Peterhof, the Imperial palace on the Gulf of Finland. In Finland itself I have stayed several times in country houses and have visited the most remarkable Falls of Imatra.

While on the subject of travels in Russia I will repeat an account of one of my journeys from Berlin to St. Petersburg, as a specimen of the delights of winter travel, which I wrote about the time of the death of the old German Emperor.

"Leaving Berlin in a sleeping carriage on the night of March 2nd, I was awakened at about 8 a.m., the next morning, and found the train had stopped between Bromberg and Dirschau, and about three hundred and twenty miles from Berlin. After a time the conductor came and told me that the train was snowed up. I looked out and saw that it was blowing a hurricane, and snowing so much as to make the air quite dark. For about seven hours we remained *plantés*, the snow getting deeper every moment. I had

eaten nothing since 8 p.m., the day before, but a bit of bread, and the conductor said that nothing could be got unless we sent to the nearest village.

"There were about ten peasants on the line, scratching away at the snow with picks, which were about of as much use as tooth-picks. I bribed one of these to go and see what he could get, and in course of time he brought some black bread and blut-wurst (blood-sausage), but this dainty does not recommend itself to every stomach. After a while the five or six passengers in the carriage held a council, and all resolved on staying where they were. One of them, a German officer, assured us that *zwei hundert Soldaten* were coming that evening, and that to-morrow *zwei tausend Militär* would be there to help us. I got out of the train on the lee side, and walked along as well as I could, and could not see even the vanguard of our delivering host, but I made out that to windward the snow formed a wall half as high as the carriages, while to leeward of the train the steam and heat from the engine had reduced the snow to water, which in turn had frozen so that the wheels of the carriages were locked in solid ice. I felt like an Arctic

explorer. The train was fast like the pictures one used to see of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, Sir J. Franklin's ships, and looked like remaining there till spring.

"I then resolved to send for a sledge to take me to some habitation. From this the other passengers tried to dissuade me, and said that they would stop where they were, but when two or three sledges arrived, they all followed my example. We were half lifted out of the train. The cold and the force of the snow storm were so great as almost to blind us, and in about half an hour we got to a small *cabaret*, where there was barely standing room for all of us with our hand luggage, and nothing to eat. As the sledges could not take us to the nearest station, we then started on foot, and floundered about in single file like geese on a common in the dark for about a mile or more, the snow being nearly up to our middle, and the cold very great. I had extreme difficulty in keeping my eye on the man carrying my bag of despatches, etc. We then got to Laskovitz, wet through, and chilled to the bone.

"At Laskovitz we waited for two hours in a miserable *salle d'attente*, and then took the train for Graudenz, a small town on the

Vistula, near the Polish frontier, where there was a decent inn, and we got supper and a bed. I should have slept pretty well, but the walls were thin, and my neighbour, a sick German, kept me awake with his groans, "Ach Gott," "Du lieber Herr Je——" and other ejaculations of pious despair. We were at Graudenz about thirty hours, and at last got away, after many delays to the Russian frontier, which we crossed at Wierzboloff.

"There was no train till next morning, so I had to sleep in a *toilette-zimmer* on the floor between two Polish Jews, one of whom coughed all night and expectorated with such vigour and impartiality that I expected to find at daylight that he had bespattered my fur coat and rugs. Next morning we left for St. Petersburg by a slow train, and I am quit with a slight cold and a sore nose and ear, which were a little frost-bitten. One poor devil was so bad from the exposure that he had to remain at Graudenz.

"It is hardly a month since I was snowed up in Hungary, and underwent a similar experience, though not so severe. I consider myself lucky to have saved my despatches."

I was interested during the Russo-Japanese

War, in reading continually of the devoted and irreproachable conduct of the heathen Japanese as compared with the duplicity and brutality of the Russian Christians, I am reminded of a stay that I made for some days at Warsaw in the year 1868. At that time I was very kindly and hospitably treated by Colonel C. E. Mansfield, H.M.'s Consul-General, who was afterwards the British Minister to one of the South American republics. Colonel Mansfield was a very strong sympathizer with the Polish cause, and I wish I could recollect half the stories that he told me of Russian tyranny. I have no particular sympathy with oppressed nationalities, but I have always had a soft place in my heart for Poland. The original partition of that interesting country was a violation of every principle of humanity and justice, and the treatment that a gallant and cultivated nation received at the hands of brutal Prussian bureaucrats and Russian savages is revolting to every feeling of humanity. I have always understood that Galicia, which belongs to Austria, was better treated and therefore more contented under the Austrian Government. Our own treatment of Ireland (bad enough in all

conscience for six hundred years) now leaves little for the Irish to complain of, and was mildness itself compared to the miseries inflicted on the Polish nation by Russian barbarians, whose title to the sovereignty of Poland was simply the right of the strongest.

During the Russo-Turkish War travelling with despatches was far from pleasant. We could not use the route by which we were accustomed to travel, viz., by a Danube steamer or the train to Orsova, and from there to Bucharest and Giurgevo, as the Russians who were in possession of the Roumanian town on the banks of the Danube were being shelled by the Turks, who held Rustchouk. In consequence of this the usual steamer had naturally ceased to ply. We had, therefore, to make our way through Vienna and South-East Russia to Odessa, where we had to wait for a steamer to take us to Constantinople. All the railways were half-blocked by the trains containing troops. The carriages were crowded and dirty. The restaurants were barren of provisions with the exception of bread and Russian tea made in the eternal brass samovar.

Odessa, as most people know, is called after Ὀδυσσέυς, the Greek Ulysses. I think that

if, after seeing many men and cities, Ulysses had visited Odessa at the present time he would have cut his visit remarkably short and returned to his native Ithaca. I can hardly figure to myself these horrors that are occurring daily and hourly in the beautiful and civilized city of Odessa where I spent many pleasant days in the company of the then British Consul, the late Mr. Thomas Michell, C.B., who was afterwards Consul General at Christiania.

In those days (1877 and 1878) I used continually to meet a well-known American, the late Mr. Eugene Schuyler. He was, I believe, in the diplomatic service of the United States. Being a violent anti-Turk and Russophil, he was not very popular among the English of Constantinople. I do not wish to bore my readers with my crude ideas on the Eastern question, but I cannot help wondering what are the present opinions of those who hounded on Russia to attack Turkey some five and twenty or thirty years ago, and whether they still think that Russia is a civilized and suitable protector for Christians, Mussulmans, or heathen. If their views are unchanged let them read Colonel Wellesley's book,

"Russia In Peace and War," to learn what the official Russian is like.

Before leaving the subject of Russia I think that it may interest my readers if I say a word or two about the hotels and lodgings where I descended in St. Petersburg, and this is a subject which I flatter myself I thoroughly understand.

When in that city all we Queen's Messengers used, until about the year 1870 or 1871, to lodge at an English boarding-house kept by the Misses Benson, for the hotels in those days were supposed not to be so comfortable as at present.

The Pension Benson was situated on the English Quay, and besides the Queen's Messengers the usual guests were English, French, and German adventurers seeking concessions, and the captains of English vessels in the harbour of Cronstadt.

The food was plain and good, and the charges not excessive. The one thing I rather resented was the fact that we were charged by the day, and no allowance made when we breakfasted or dined out. This was a special grievance as St. Petersburg was in those days a most hospitable quarter, and besides the diplomatic body there were many English

merchants belonging to the old "English Factory" who used to invite us to dinner.

The conversation of the frequenters of the Misses Benson's board did not interest me, and I often wished that some of them would wear shoes instead of slippers at dinner, but for these drawbacks there were compensations.

Being quite new to St. Petersburg and knowing no word of Russian, I should on my first visit there have been obliged to have engaged a *valet de place* to show me the sights of the city, and even to enable me to direct the drosky drivers at what houses or shops I wished to stop. But now came in the advantage of staying at the Pension Benson. The necessity of engaging a *valet de place* was obviated by the kind offer of a very pretty young lady—I think a niece of the Misses Benson—who volunteered to accompany me in my sledge and assist me in my calls or visits at the Gostinoi Dvor, a large rather Oriental looking bazaar, which is the market of St. Petersburg.

On our first drive my bashfulness was a little alarmed as, the seats of the drosky being very narrow, my fair companion explained to me that, to save us both from being whirled off at the street corners, I must

hold her on by her waist. I submitted to this arrangement with an excellent grace, but a little later my modesty was still further tried. I observed on the pavement several peculiarly dressed women with a sort of gilt tiara on their heads. On my enquiring who these were my companion blushed deeply, and made no reply. I then pressed for information and she whispered to me that they were "foster mothers," which I afterwards discovered to be a synonym for wet nurses—an expression too coarse for the lady's lips.

Knowing St. Petersburg as I do from continual sojourns there, I have been much interested in the accounts of the street scenes that occurred there in January, 1905. I have so often crossed the large plain in front of the Winter Palace in perfect security that it is difficult to picture it as the theatre of such a massacre as that of January 22nd.

I read also of a bomb explosion attended by loss of life in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where I descended for nearly thirty years. For the last few years I migrated to the Hôtel de France, as it was more amusing to breakfast and dine there. It is also more central, and above all

I was delivered from the eternal nuisance of the booming and tinkling of the bells of St. Isaac's Cathedral, which was just across the way from the former hotel.

The cooking in the St. Petersburg hotels has much improved in my recollection, and the native vintages of the Crimea and Caucasus, both red and white, are quite as good as the most choise French and German wines, and cost considerably less! In these hotels the waiters are mostly German or Tartar, the latter, though disguised in regulation waiters' attire, being unmistakably Calmucks, Mohammedans in creed, they seem to flourish in North Russia, and some speak a little French and German, or occasionally even a few words of English.

The great native bazaar to which I have already alluded is interesting to a stranger, but it is useless to attempt to make purchases without the help of a *valet de place*, and then when a bargain has been struck the tourist has an uneasy consciousness that half the price has gone into the pocket of the guide.

Dull as I have always found St. Petersburg, I honestly think that this is to be ascribed more to my own unenterprising nature than anything else. Of course I have seen the

Hermitage and its gallery of pictures, the best of which were bought in England in the eighteenth century by Catherine II. If I am not mistaken, they were sold by Lord Orford, of Houghton, in Norfolk.

I also visited Cronstadt and Peterhof, and, as I have before mentioned, have seen the lakes and pine forests of Finland.

But all travelling and sight seeing in Russia is irksome and expensive unless one is able to speak Russian fluently. Personally, I never knew more than a few words, and could do nothing without the boring accompaniment of a guide. This must be taken into consideration by any who considers that I have under-rated the attractions of the great Russian city.

CHAPTER XV

CONSTANTINOPLE

The Black Sea—A Breakdown at Baba Eski—Valentine Baker—Hobart Pasha—Tera—A Second Class Compliment—A Cage of Canaries—Summer on the Bosphorus—Turkish Hotels—Major Andrew Cathcart—Sir Nicholas O'Conor.

ONCE every fortnight despatches are sent to Constantinople, and owing to the good arrangements and goodwill of the European Sleeping Carriage Company (Société des Wagons Lits) the journey from Paris is performed in great comfort. I always feel much gratitude to sleeping carriage officials when I recollect my journeys thirty-five years ago, when we had to take the Messageries boat from Marseilles and passed six or seven days on board, going *viâ* the Piræus to Constantinople. As the journey was chiefly by sea, it did not much signify how much luggage was taken and our load was heavy and miscellaneous. On my first journey to Turkey I was asleep one night in my cabin and being aroused suddenly by some movement of the ship I got out of bed, and at once trod on some soft and rather sticky stuff.

Striking a match, I was horrified to find that my feet were splashed all over with a substance looking like human gore. Wondering what atrocity had been committed in the cabin, I soon found that one of my Foreign Office bags had been filled with red currant jelly, and the pots had broken and escaped on the floor. Another time I noticed that a certain despatch bag, when handed about by railway porters and others seemed to cause some pain to the recipient. The Englishman swore at Dover. The Frenchman cursed at Calais. Shocked to hear this language I examined the bag carefully, and found that a quantity of fine needles had been consigned to it, the paper having broken, the needles worked through the canvas, and had caused all this excusable blasphemy.

Again, can I ever forget the discomfort and starvation endured on a journey from Giurgevo, in Roumania, *viâ* Rustchuk and Varna, to Constantinople? Sometimes one had to cross the half-frozen Danube on foot on the ice, keeping a continual eye on the Wallachian hamal who carried the bags of despatches. Then there was the wretched station at Rustchuk, the dirty carriages, the miserable eating-places at Sheitan Djik, which

is, I believe, the Turkish for "the Devil's Hole," and very rightly named, the boarding of the Austrian steamer at Varna, and the getting wet through in a gale of wind. When I call to mind these experiences, particularly during the days of the Russo-Turkish War, I rejoice that the King's Messengers' present duties are less arduous.

I have voyaged in the English and Irish Channels, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Baltic, and the Atlantic, but I have never suffered so much as I have from a gale in the Black Sea. The sea-sickness did not trouble me greatly, but the inferior boats and consequent discomfort can never be forgotten.

When Mr. Goschen (now Lord Goschen) was our ambassador at Constantinople, he invited several of his old friends who had been with him at Rugby School to the British Embassy. Among others, the late Lord Bowen, with whom I had the pleasure of crossing the Black Sea in a gale of wind. I was not entirely comfortable, but I never in my life witnessed such abject misery caused by sea-sickness as the condition of Sir Charles Bowen (as he then was). I happened to have with me some lozenges of extract of meat, and but for these I think that the poor

gentleman would have died, and even after his arrival at Constantinople he told me that he could not recover for several days.

The Black Sea boats are mostly the property of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, and at the time that I was privileged to use them were not remarkable for luxury! They were fairly clean, but the food was oily and nasty. The ships themselves were slow and very much inclined to roll in a gale of wind. I remember that we once very nearly ran upon the Cyanean Rocks just at the entrance of the Black Sea from the Bosphorus. These rocks are said to move occasionally from their place, but they were stationary and terrible on that occasion.

Among other experiences in the East of Europe, I was once *planté* by the breakdown of the line through floods from Sofia to Constantinople at a place called Baba Eski. Let me here give an account of our experiences written at the time by "A Passenger."

"We reached Adrianople in a state of elation at having got clear of the heavy snow-storm which raged in the Balkans, and although after leaving Adrianople water was to be seen in all directions, we ran on peacefully and unsuspecting to Baba-Eski, which

was reached about mid-day on Saturday. Here we were told that the train would be stopped for five hours, as the railway was inundated beyond. The five hours passed not too quickly; by this time some meagre information had arrived as to the state of affairs, and all hope of continuing that night was lost. The line needed repairing in three or four places before the train could proceed to Constantinople. Towards night a gang of between two and three hundred men arrived from Adrianople with ballast. They announced their arrival with loud shouts, but I am afraid the aspect of our deliverers somewhat marred the reassuring effect which they imagined their presence would inspire.

"The passengers were startled on seeing these wild-looking creatures, flourishing spades and pickaxes; animated with best intentions, as it turned out, but appearances were against them, and it was a comfort when they set out early next morning, in the pouring rain, to mend the line further on. So far things were not appalling, but on Sunday it was announced that if we stayed longer the provisions would not hold out. This was serious, as the only thing obtainable at Baba-Eski is a time-table and a cup of coffee.

"Beyond the station and a small café, nothing was to be seen but here and there the top of a tree. The country around looked like one huge lake, the waters of which were whipped into waves by the strong southerly wind. There was nothing for it but to wait with patience. The weather was bright throughout Sunday, and we spread our rugs on the ballast and timber heaped beside the the rail, and basked in the sun until evening, when a telegram arrived from the railway office in Constantinople giving the passengers the option of alighting at Baba-Eski, and getting what accommodation they could at the village three miles off, or returning to Adrianople by the train, as it was due to proceed to Vienna that evening. The passengers protested against being turned out of the train, which was the only shelter to be had, and they equally objected to being taken back. However, the majority decided that the latter course was the wiser. The train crawled back to Adrianople for 'twas a journey of caution, and owing to the condition of the line not one of us hoped to reach Constantinople for another week.

"The water in many places completely covered the rails, while here and there the

line sank considerably, giving us an uncomfortable sensation as the train passed over. We left Baba-Eski at 4.40 on Sunday afternoon, and reached Adrianople at half-past eight.

"Here most of the passengers took up their quarters at an hotel near the station—the best in the town. Some of us had dined in the train, and therefore did not test the culinary resources of the hotel that night. The weather on Monday was little calculated to exhilarate, for the heavens spouted rain the whole day. When the news came that a bridge four metres long had just been carried away by the flood, some resigned themselves to the idea of a week at Adrianople, while others talked of taking the Dédéaghatch steamer. Meanwhile some of our party braved the 'peltings of the pitiless storm,' and tried to distil amusement from the town. They visited the mosques and the squalid bazaars. One or two of the former contain beautiful tiles, and another is famous for its minaret containing three spiral staircases.

"Let us not libel Adrianople—I will merely say that it is not a resourceful town in any way. Our worthy host—for worthy I believe him to be, though ill-equipped for the greatness which fate and the railway had thrust

upon him—was not prepared to entertain such distinguished guests. The food was calculated to ruffle the equanimity of a Job, and the only sitting-room in the place did duty at once as café, billiard room, dining-room, and general shelter for the roysterers of the neighbourhood.

"The bright spot in our experience of Adrianople was a luncheon given by the Consul, Mr. Cumberbatch. In the evening, the railway authorities brought us news that we might proceed, on condition that we alighted at various spots along the line and walked whilst the train was hauled by labourers over the places which were thought to be too unsafe to bear the strain of the engine. For this purpose we took a gang of men with us, but they were not required, although in places the line was in a very dangerous condition, and we were obliged to run terribly slow.

"Of the bridge over the Maritza, nothing but the masonry had been left by the floods; of the bridge mentioned above, which is about ten miles from Baba-Eski, nothing whatever remained. A temporary one had to be erected for the train to go over, and we were heartily glad to get clear of this and other

risky spots. From Adrianople to Tchataldja the whole of the country was still under water, although a change of wind in a northerly direction had caused the floods to subside. So far as we could see, no dwellings were destroyed, as the inundated districts seemed unpopulated. Once over the worst of the route, we quickened speed and arrived at Constantinople without further incident."

About two months after this detention the station of Baba-Eski was attacked by brigands, who, I believe, were eventually driven off by the Turkish troops.

One other interruption of my journeys to Constantinople occurs to my memory, which was caused by a prolonged quarantine at Clazomene, but on that occasion I was travelling by sea, and of course the passengers were comfortable enough on board ship so that the experience was not disagreeable. The detention in quarantine on the Turkish frontier, when a train is subjected to it, is most unpleasant.

The food provided is almost uneatable and the quarters dirty and miserable, but everything connected with Turkish travel is different from what one meets with in the West of Europe. The railway line itself runs

in parts between the Bulgarian frontier and Constantinople in the shape of an S. This was done by the roguery of the Jew contractor, who made millions by thus unnecessarily prolonging the permanent way in a manner totally unsuspected by the confiding Turk!

During one of my visits to Constantinople many years ago, I was requested to become second in a duel between two angry journalists. The editor of the *Levant Herald*, a Pera newspaper, had a deadly quarrel with the editor of the *Turquie*, a French journal also published on the Bosphorus. At that time there resided at Constantinople a well-known man, and a friend of mine, Major Andrew Cathcart, formerly of the 11th Hussars, of whom mention is made later. Mr. MacCoan, of the *Levant Herald*, had known Cathcart for some time, and begged him to prove his friendship by carrying a challenge to the Gaul. Cathcart excused himself, and half in joke, referred Mr. MacCoan to me as a man likely to undertake the job. I at once explained that to me duelling was an unknown science, and that my responsibilities to the Foreign Office made it impossible for me to grant his request. MacCoan afterwards

entered Parliament, and died a few months ago. This was the only chance I ever had of distinction in an affair of honour.

Many years later I saw a good deal of the celebrated General Valentine Baker, then a pasha in the Turkish service, whom I had known in England. Even at this distance of time, nearly thirty years, all who remember Baker can recall the deep sympathy that his sad case called forth. One of the most distinguished officers in the British Army, he was ruined for one single act of folly, and was treated with none of the consideration and generosity which he showed, on his trial, towards his accusers. He died a broken-hearted man, and the loss of such an officer's services was most serious to his country.

I must here refer to my acquaintance with a justly celebrated man, the late Honourable Augustus Hobart, a captain in the British Navy, and for many years in command of the Turkish Fleet. His conversation was most interesting. Before serving the Turks he commanded a privateer—a swift blockade runner called "The Don"—in the interest of the Confederate States during the American civil war. His book, "Never Caught," gives a long account of his successful

Photo. Abdullah Frères

Abbas Hilmi

smuggling and of his capture of the Northern merchant vessels. The feeling of the Northerners was so bitter against him that he told me that he had no doubt they would have hanged him had he fallen into their hands. He was, of course, a great Philo-Turk, but did not hesitate to admit the cruel severities of the Turks when provoked. At the same time he always pointed out the absurdity and the extreme danger of the Anti-Turkish cries of British sentimentalists, who seemed to forget the many millions of British subjects in India and elsewhere who all regard the Sultan of Turkey as the "Khalifa," or Pope, of their religion, and that any anti-Turkish movement would excite every enlightened Mussulman from one end of India to the other. So that merely as a matter of policy we ought to be on good terms with the Turks.

Most people consider the most enjoyable months at Constantinople are those spent on the shores of the Bosphorus at Buyukdéré and Thérapia. The chief amusements there are boating, lawn tennis, and occasional picnics, but after I had fully contemplated the scenery, which is lovely, I always was glad when the Embassy returned to Pera, where there are two comfortable clubs, and if one wishes for

what fine writers call a little "local colour," one can always get an order to see the "Selamlik" or the Sultan going to mosque on Friday. This has been described *ad nauseam*, so I will conclude my remarks on Turkey with an account of a distinguished English lady receiving a perfectly unintentional insult from the Sultan. She was presented to His Majesty, and won his heart by her praises of Turkey and its capital. The monarch when taking leave pressed into her hand a small case, begging her to wear its contents in remembrance of her visit. When outside the door, she opened the case and saw an order with an unintelligible inscription in Turkish. Meeting a Court Official on the stairs, she showed him her treasure and asked for particulars. The functionary, with a profound bow, explained that it was the "Star of Chastity" of the second class. The lady naturally felt aggrieved, and pointed out to her husband that of such order she was entitled to be a first class member, and she could not understand the meaning of degrees in such a distinction, and I am sure that it is equally puzzling to me.

Arrived at this point in my story, some matter-of-fact reader may ask "But is there

such a lady ? Does such an order as the Star of Chastity exist ? And does the Sultan bestow it ? " To this I reply that " I can't be quite sure. It may have been some other lady, and it may have been some other order, and conferred by some other Sultan." I tell the tale as it was told to me. I suppose that it is traditional, and after all tradition is the basis of the beliefs of half Christendom. But perhaps I am unduly sensitive as to the possibility of the exactness of my statement being questioned.

The mention of Constantinople reminds me of the singular duty which fell to an acquaintance of mine not long ago. There are times, particularly during the absence of the King from England, and during the months of August and September, when many King's Messengers obtain their annual leave, that the Foreign Office is glad to enlist the service of private individuals of known steadiness and respectability for the conveyance of despatches to and from the various British Embassies and Legations in Europe. When the King goes abroad there are at least two extra journeys weekly to him besides occasional ones arranged for carrying some suddenly important despatch.

Queen Victoria used only to go abroad for about six weeks every spring, and I believe she wished to have no communications from the Foreign Office except on two fixed days of the week. Our present Monarch is so fond of travelling that the King's Messengers' duties have increased very much, and as our number is now reduced to nine, we constantly wanted some help from outside.

This acquaintance who had previously done many journeys in charge of despatches, was, not long ago summoned to the Foreign Office and offered the opportunity of carrying the despatches on a certain day to Paris, Vienna, Pesth, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople by the usual route taken by the Orient Express. With the zeal which is one of his most valuable qualities, he at once undertook the job—pleased at the change from a country life, and anxious to be of service to his country in any capacity—receiving for his services no emolument whatever, and with nothing but his bare expenses guaranteed to him. Just before being despatched from the Foreign Office he was requested to go and interview one of the clerks at the head of a department, who somewhat hesitatingly informed him that he was afraid he was to have rather a novel sort

of journey as he would have to convey a present for the Sultan of Turkey consisting of eight canary birds valued at £25. The Foreign Office official went on to say that my friend would be further entrusted with a bag of birds' seed, a bottle of tonic and a brush to clean out the bird cage. I suppose (though he did not so inform me) that he was further charged with a penny whistle for the enlivenment of the songsters, and "a little bit of sugar for the bird." Anyhow the undertaking was a troublesome one, but my friend being anxious to be again employed in the Foreign Office did not like to refuse altogether this rather "mixed" employment. He had infinite trouble with the enormous cage which contained his charge, and which constituted a difficulty to every guard and conductor who caught sight of it. I suppose that the scruples of these worthies were overcome by a liberal distribution of francs, and that the seed suited the canaries' constitutions as the interesting travellers reached Yildiz Kiosque, the residence of the Sultan, quite safely. I never heard how the cages were cleaned out—but perhaps this was done by francs offered to a deputy.

Knowing how generous His Turkish

Majesty is in rewarding acts of friendship or good service, my friend was rather disappointed at receiving no recognition from Yildiz of the trouble and anxiety that he had had on his journey. He thought that perhaps he might have been offered a Turkish order, or failing that an invitation to spend a "week end" at the palace with an introduction to the reigning Sultana, but none of these honours were proposed to him and this was owing to the very unnecessary interference of the Embassy Dragoman, who assured the Turkish officials that such civilities would be refused by my friend, who was greatly disappointed at this, and as he was in no respect in the regular employ of the British Government, I sympathize strongly with his feelings. But such is life! When distinction seems almost within a man's grasp, the chance vanishes and Fame spreads her light wings and flutters away with a mocking laugh, leaving her victim with nothing but his own virtue—sometimes a very scanty garment.

In writing of my early visits to Constantinople I find that I have omitted to mention a well-known character at the British Embassy, the late Count Pisani. He was a singular-looking dried-up little man of

unknown age, and seemed to be eternally writing in the Chancellerie. He wrote in an English hand the most excellent English, but when speaking, his accent and articulation were such that I never knew what language he spoke in. On my first introduction to him, he, evidently wishing to be civil, uttered some unintelligible words. Anxious to return his politeness I apologized for my ignorance of Greek. This quite upset him, and the remainder of the interview was conducted in dumb-show. I think that he belonged to the old Venetian families of Pera, and died much respected many years ago. He was the Head Dragoman of the British Embassy.

So many practised writers have described the unique beauty of Constantinople that I have no intention of following in their track, but I venture to allude in a few lines to the pleasures of a summer on the Bosphorus. Towards the middle of May the staffs of the various Embassies, and I may say the whole of Pera society quits the dirt, dogs and smells of that suburb, and flies to the banks of the upper Bosphorus where each Embassy has its summer palace. The British and Germans live at Thérapia, about sixteen miles from the capital. The French, the Russians, and (I

think) the Austrians, have their *villégiature* at Buyukdéré, about four or five miles nearer to the entrance of the Black Sea, and though commanding a splendid view of the Straits I do not think Buyukdéré so airy and pleasant as Thérapia, whose name, from the Greek, signifies "The place of healing," and it seems to deserve it. There the diplomats really enjoy themselves. They can dress all day in flannels and when their labours are ended refresh their wearied minds by playing lawn-tennis or polo. They can row on the Bosphorus, while on the Asiatic side nearly opposite, there is a fair cricket ground.

Besides the members of Embassies the Bosphorus society is supplemented by the officers of the despatch boats belonging to the navies of different nations, which during the summer are always lying all in Thérapia harbour or off Buyukdéré. There are generally two despatch boats for the convenience of the British Ambassador to convey him on official visits to the Porte, or take him on a shooting expedition when he takes a holiday. Steamers ply every hour between Buyukdéré and the Bridge of Galata, and, with the addition of handsome *cäiques*, give animation to the prospect from the windows of the very

indifferent hotel in which the King's Messengers have to spend five or six days of occasional duty.

Since I first knew Constantinople it has gained enormously in civilization and in comfort of living. Thirty-five years ago there was only one so-called "first-class" hotel, "Missiries," of which the landlord was an old Greek of the name of Missirie, who had been Dragoman to Eliot Warburton, and Kinglake, a most tyrannical old Oriental, who insisted on all sorts of ridiculous rules in his establishment about the extinction of lights and other things, well knowing that it was useless for the guests to complain, there being no other hostelry available except the Hôtel de Byzance, in those days a second-rate house full of French *commis-voyageurs*, but now I believe much improved. Missirie spoke good English, having married an Englishwoman, a good old soul with much better manners than had her spouse. She was very obliging, and very devout, and used to spend hours in studying the Bible. I often wished that the old man had done the same.

Nowadays there is a very fine hotel belonging to "Compagnie des Wagons Lits," which, though dear, is very comfortable. There are

now two excellent clubs, of which it is easy to be made an honorary member. The kind diplomats of the British Embassy always used to put my name down for the "Cercle d'Orient," where every French or British luxury was to be procured. Among the many wonders of Constantinople I must mention a sight often overlooked by tourists but to me most interesting—the "Museum of the Janissaries" in the Turkish quarter of Stamboul. This museum is well arranged, and quite one of the sights of Constantinople. Here are to be seen the old and most extraordinary costumes and arms of the old Sultan's guard of Janissaries. My historical information is very indifferent, but having no access to books concerning Turkey I can only relate what to better-informed people may have been known long ago. These Janissaries, about twenty-five thousand strong, were the descendants of Christian subjects of the Porte, who had been early (and probably forcibly) converted to Islamism, and, like most converts, were the most enraged supporters of their latest creed, and enjoyed particular privileges. The Imperial Guard composed of Janissaries grew at length so powerful and overbearing as to be a menace and terror to the Sultan himself.

Accordingly, in the year 1825, the reigning Sultan, Mahomed II., resolved to get rid of this unruly band. He set to work in real Eastern fashion, and by some device managed to assemble this Prætorian Guard in some empty mosque, where they were massacred by the regular troops, who shot at them through the windows. Cruel and treacherous as this massacre was, it is difficult to see in what other way these overbearing tyrants could have been got rid of. They were the oppressors of everyone and hated by all—by none much more than by the regular troops who gladly carried out their bloodthirsty orders. From that time are dated many Western reforms. The old Turkish dress of turban, flowing robe and coloured slippers was abandoned by the younger Turks, and the Army was dressed and drilled in European fashion, and Constantinople and the Sultan were delivered from a body of insolent oppressors. A full account of the Janissaries is to be found in Chapter LXIV. of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

One of the most interesting visitors to Constantinople in bygone years was the late Major Andrew Cathcart, whose name has occurred previously. Formerly an officer in the

11th Hussars, he was very intimate with the well-known Lord Cardigan, and afterwards private secretary to the 14th Earl of Derby when he was Prime Minister. Subsequent to this he held the British Consulate of Scutari, in Albania, and I suppose that it was when occupying this post he acquired so great an interest in matters Turkish and Oriental. He used to stand for hours on the old Bridge of Boats at Galata to watch the various singular features that passed him. Europeans of all nations, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Arabs, Turks, and sometimes even Afghans and natives of British India were to be distinguished by their native habiliments. He was a most charming companion, and always ready to draw on his vast stores of information regarding Turkey, Asian, and European. He was also well known as the companion of General Fremont, with whom he made a joint expedition to the Rocky Mountains, where they underwent great hardships, the horrors of which Cathcart never cared to describe. He was, I need hardly say, a Philo-Turk, a term of reproach nowadays with some of the more ignorant politicians in England.

My most interesting stay at Constantinople

Photo. J. Russell & Sons.

W. R. Morris

was during the celebrated conference of November, 1877, which followed the Russo-Turkish War of 1876-1877, and preceded the celebrated Treaty of Berlin in 1878. This was a great diplomatic gathering, Midhat Pasha being the most interesting figure on the European stage. General Ignatieff also had his admirers. The British nation was represented by two Embassies at the head of which respectively were Sir Henry Elliot and the late Marquis of Salisbury, and these two were commonly reported to be in absolute opposition to each other. I remember dining at each Embassy and meeting a different set of guests at each. Sir H. Elliot, whom I used to know very well, and who is the father of our present popular minister at Athens, still survives in a green old age. Sir Nicholas O'Conor, our present distinguished ambassador to the Sublime Porte, has kindly given me his portrait for insertion here. He was a very old friend of mine, whom I first met when he was a third secretary or attaché at Berlin. He has been Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and before that in China, where, he made his well-deserved reputation. He is an Irish landlord of the old Milesian stock, and I believe that I am right in stating

that one of his family in remote centuries was King of Ireland. He was always kind and hospitable to me, and my colleagues, as was also Sir Frank Lascelles, our present Ambassador at Berlin, one of the most distinguished members of the British Diplomatic Service. I first knew him as a boy at Harrow, where I think that he was rather junior to me. He has, however, far out-run me in life's race.

There was a very remarkable man at Constantinople some years ago as correspondent of the *Times*, the late Signor Gallenga. I have always heard of him that when a young man he was member of the Italian revolutionary party called "The Carbonari," and as such had sworn to compass the death of the King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto. The would-be murderers drew lots as to which of them should do the deed. The lot fell on Gallenga, whose nerve failed him, and he had to escape from Italy or his life would have been taken by his enraged fellow-plotters. I tell this tale as it was told to me. He was afterwards correspondent of the *Times* in Rome, so I suppose that in the course of years he had purged himself with his cut-throat colleagues.

I recount here one curious experience when travelling in Turkey, the recollection of which has always amused me. When posting through some Turkish town, I think Adrianople, I happened to have stopped for refreshment at the British Consulate, and during dinner or supper the Consul and I heard a furious row at the outside of the house, and presently a Kavass rushed in to beg the Consul to interfere. We both went out to see the fun and found the Bulgarian pope and the Turkish priest both very drunk and fighting tooth and nail for their respective faiths in the roadway. I think that the infidel had the best of it.

Looking back upon my sojourns in Turkey I do not seem to have had many Turkish acquaintances beyond a few officers in the army, whom I met at dinner occasionally. With Rustem Pasha I was slightly acquainted. He had been Governor of the Lebanon, and, if I mistake not, ambassador in London. When I knew him he was an elderly man, and had been a great admirer of English ladies, which compliment I believe that they reciprocated. I heard, indeed, of one or two who wished to remove from him the reproach of bachelorhood.

So end my Turkish memories. Some people would doubtless have enlarged upon the natural beauties of the land, of the sunrise from the Sea of Marmora, the sweet waters of Asia, etc., etc., but are not these things written in the books of Murray and of Baedeker, and far better described than I can do it?

CHAPTER XVI

BERLIN, DENMARK, ITALY, AND SPAIN.

German Civility—The Thiergarten—The O'Gorman Mahon—Major Dopping—Colonel Fitch—Copenhagen—Naples and Rome—Athens—Madrid—The Peasants of Northern Spain—Rough Posting—Some Drawbacks in the Life of a King's Messenger.

ALL the King's Messengers spend many weeks in the course of the year at Berlin. Our journeys there were fortnightly. In the alternate weeks the King's Messenger had to go on to St. Petersburg, dropping the despatches for Berlin *en route*, and getting one night's rest at the German capital. The Messenger who got the Berlin journey was more fortunate, getting nine pleasant days there in peace. I always liked this duty very much as, though Berlin is not so gay as Paris or Vienna, the hotels are good and existence quite endurable. I have always found the Berliners civil enough, though, of course, I know how they, in common with most Germans, rejoiced at our early reverses in South Africa. The so-called comic papers were offensive beyond description, but I have

seldom heard unfriendly speeches from individual Germans. Here I must give one single exception during that sad week of December, 1899, before the taking of Ladysmith. I was lunching with one of my colleagues at a hotel, patronized by all the King's Messengers for many years. The hotel-keeper, seeing us in the restaurant, rushed towards us, his face positively beaming, and, with a telegraphic slip in his hand, shouted in German, "Have you seen this? Have you seen this?" Thinking, from the expression of his countenance, that the news was good, I held out my hand for the paper, but my wary colleague pushed my arm away, and quickly answered "Yes, yes! we know all that," to the evident disappointment of the Boniface, as the slip told of Colenso, and our attempts at crossing the Tugela River. The ordinary German *bourgeois* has many good qualities, but generosity is not one of his strong points. The better class is much the same as that class in all European countries, and if it rejoiced at British misfortunes it certainly was sufficiently polite to conceal its feelings.

Of all the capitals of Europe in which it has been my fate to spend so many days and

weeks, not one has changed so much as Berlin. When I first knew it early in 1868, it was a mere provincial town bearing no comparison in splendour with Vienna or Paris. The hotels in those far-off days were comfortable but homely, and for those who could consent to dine at 3. p.m., the dinners, cooked German fashion, were good and wholesome, and only cost the moderate sum (at the *table d'hôte*) of one thaler (three shillings). The wines, especially those of the Rhine, were excellent, and if one could endure the hoarse, guttural arguments of the convives the society was agreeable, and the meal terminated in time for every one to go to the theatre, which in those days began early and cost very little. Now all is changed. I know of no hotel with an old-fashioned three o'clock *table d'hôte*. The prices of every necessary or luxury are fifty per cent. higher. I should think that the population must have nearly doubled. The hotels are smart imitations of those of London and Paris. The streets are better lighted, tramways in all the larger streets, except in the Unter den Linden. The old open drains by side of the pavement have disappeared, and a new city of suburbs has been created beyond the Brandenburg

Gate towards Charlottenburg. The great pleasure ground of the Thiergarten has its main alleys adorned by statues suiting the æsthetic taste of the Berliners, which is not always in agreement with that of the rest of Europe, and a fine new church has been erected near the old Royal Castle. In one respect Berlin has not improved. The great wood called the Thiergarten is still unsafe for foot-people at night as it harbours (particularly during the summer months) some of the most desperate characters in Berlin. Every now and then the police make a raid, and, as in a net, sweep off all the poor sleeping wretches to the prisons.

In the matter of public amusements Berlin has progressed. The races are no novelty. They mostly take place at Hoppegarten, about half an hour by train from Berlin, but certainly the quality of the horses has improved: more money is given to be run for, and more is spent in introducing English blood stock. There are now more theatres than of old, and occasionally it is possible to see a French play well acted.

The only theatre I ever entered in Berlin was called the "Apollo." The jokes, etc., were intelligible to none but the local audience,

but it was worth going there for the sake of seeing the spectacle and the *mise-en-scène*. Close to my hotel there was a very lively music hall, where one could dine fairly well and at the same time be entertained by listening to the music and watching the gymnastic performances.

The opera has always been good and cheap, and of late years several music halls have appeared where the jaded traveller can smoke in comfort without overtaxing his brain by following the plot of a comedy or tragedy.

The tale of my life in former days at Berlin would hardly be complete without the mention of a very singular, and at one time very well-known character, who some thirty or forty years ago had fixed his residence at that capital—I mean the O'Gorman Mahon. This Irish chieftain must have been between seventy and eighty years of age at the time that I knew him. He had sat in the House of Commons for his county Clare, and must always have been a noticeable personality. At the period of my acquaintance with him he was a rather striking looking old man, with a white beard and moustache, and had no very pronounced Irish accent.

He had been several times " out " in affairs

of honour, but he never alluded to his duelling experiences. I always found his company pleasant, though, as he had nothing with which to employ his thoughts, and no one else to join in his conversation, I sometimes found that he bestowed too much of the latter commodity upon me. He was by no means a rabid patriot, and talked quietly enough of the wrongs of Ireland, which, I remember, made a great impression upon me at the time, and not only led me to read with great interest the story of that ill-fated land, but also awakened in me a strong feeling of sympathy for the treatment of the Irish by England. I have much the same feelings to this day, and often have wondered how the English could weep over Italian and Hungarian woes without blushing for their ancestors' cruelties in the reigns of Elizabeth and Dutch William, and above all for the shocking butcheries of the hypocrite, Cromwell. Still, I am far from being a Home Ruler, being convinced that Great Britain could never be safe if she had on her flank an island ruled by the stamp of men sent at the present day to Parliament in the so-called "national interest."

But to return to my subject. At the

Berlin hotel to which I used to descend the London *Times* was regularly taken, and, as copies were scarce in those days, this fact was a great attraction to me. On returning to my hotel after dinner I always looked forward to getting the paper to myself, but I invariably found the O'Gorman Mahon in possession of my room and of the *Times* just at this very moment. This, I confess, used to irritate me, as the chieftain was what racing men call "a good stayer." But he is long dead, and I have nothing but a kindly recollection of him, particularly when I compare him with his Parliamentary compatriots and successors who had the indecent brutality to cheer the news of British disasters during the South African War.

The mention of the O'Gorman Mahon reminds me of a class of Englishmen or Irishmen that used to be numerous in continental capitals, but with whom I have never met of late years. I mean those Britons—chiefly officers of continental armies—who had found soldiering in foreign countries cheaper than in the British service, and, impelled by a strong military instinct, had served faithfully their adopted sovereigns

until the time came when a scanty retiring pension enabled them to spend the evening of their days in cities like Vienna, Berlin, or Madrid.

In Vienna I had an old friend in Major Dopping, late an officer of the Prinz Karl von Bayern Regiment of Austrian Hussars, who had served with distinction in the Italian campaign of 1849 under Marshal Radetzky. Major Dopping was a true Irishman, so much so, indeed, as to talk German with an Irish accent! He was, I believe, a descendant of Dr. Dopping, a celebrated Bishop of Meath in the reigns of James II. and William III., and was also connected with the notorious Heppenstall, so well known during the Irish rising of 1798 as "the walking gallows." He gained this sobriquet from the fact that his agreeable pastime was to slip a rope round the neck of an Irish insurgent and let him dangle from his tall and brawny shoulders till death by slow strangulation relieved his victim!

Major Dopping possessed none of these family characteristics, being, as I have heard, one of the bravest as well as one of the gentlest of men. He told me, that though an Irish Protestant, he had come to Austria under the protection of the celebrated Irish Catholic,

General Nugent. Dopping's severe views of external religion made his life one continual protest against Roman ceremonies or symbolism. The picturesque religious processions, so common formerly in Vienna, the crucifixes in the streets, the splendid interior of St. Stephen's Cathedral, and the lovely voices of the nuns chanting in the Augustiner Kirche, he regarded as so many sacrifices to the Baal of idolatry.

Many years ago there lived in Madrid a somewhat similar character to my lamented friend Dopping. Colonel Fitch was a well-known inhabitant of that city, and was always very pleasant and obliging to us Queen's Messengers. I think that he had served in Queen Christina's army against the Carlists in the years 1837-1840, and had attained to the rank of colonel in the Spanish service. He was well known to all the English who stayed any length of time in Madrid, where he had made his home and was much respected. I don't remember that his opinions were as anti-papal as those of Major Dopping, but he was a pillar of the Church of England in a strange land. He was the right hand of the English chaplains, a churchwarden, and entrusted with the privilege of carrying the

plate to collect pesetas at the conclusion of the Anglican service.

On my joining the Messenger Service in 1868 I found two of my colleagues who had served in the Christino-Carlist wars in Spain, and had fought with credit. They were Captains Richard Webster and Cecil Johnson. They were both fine-looking men, and possessed several Spanish decorations. Another friend and colleague of mine who had taken the pay of the foreigner was the late popular Captain Edmund Halford Vyner. He had been A.D.C. to Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg, the brother of Prince Albert, and on this account had, I suppose, been appointed a Queen's Messenger by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs for the time being.

Another Queen's Messenger who was long my colleague was the late Captain J. R. Lumley, who, when I first knew him, was what is called in Vienna, an "Aspirant," in an Austrian Hussar Regiment. An "Aspirant" is a sort of superior cadet or military midshipman, who eventually gets a commission. In this situation Lumley had a brother officer, a Mr. O'Callaghan, a son of an Irish peer, and these two young gentlemen used to undertake the congenial office of

showing me the sights of the Kaiserstadt. O'Callaghan died long ago, but Lumley left the Austrian Army for the Prussian service, and became a captain in a Hanoverian Lancer Regiment, serving with distinction in the Franco-German War. I rather think that he received the Iron Cross for his conduct at the battle of Mars-la-Tour. His German brother officers have often spoken of his bravery, and when walking with him in the Unter den Linden I was struck by the extreme cordiality shown him when recognising a Prussian acquaintance.

On quitting the German Army he served his native land in one of our campaigns in South Africa, and through those experiences and, I believe, the personal friendship of the late Crown Princess of Germany he became one of us. His father had been a distinguished officer and Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army. Captain Lumley has now been dead for some years.

While mentioning some of my former colleagues I must say a word about one who was the second son of an ambassador from whom I received a great deal of kindness, viz., the late Lord Augustus Loftus, afterwards Governor of New South Wales. His son was

popular with everyone, but he joined our corps at an unfortunate time. It was the period of the Russo-Turkish War, and he experienced some distressful journeys through South Russia to Odessa, and from there to Constantinople on a Black Sea steamer. These hardships, added to the miserable crossing of the Danube from Giurgievo to Rustchuk and other places, gave him such a distaste for our service that he, with another colleague, speedily resigned, and, I hope, found some more congenial occupation.

Of late years in the months of March and April we King's Messengers have had to prolong our journey as far as Copenhagen. I cannot say that I ever liked this part of my duty. The journey to Copenhagen from Berlin is *viâ* Warnemünde, where we had to take a miserable little steamer to the Danish port of Gjedser, where we landed after a generally very rough passage of two and a half or three hours, whence there is a railway to Copenhagen, which is reached in about five more hours during which the "through" carriage is put on a ferry boat to cross an arm of the sea.

I first made acquaintance with Copenhagen in the year 1874, when owing to a trick

played on me by one of my colleagues I had to spend two months in that dullest of towns. This sojourn was varied by a dreary weekly journey to Berlin and back. Happily, of late years our stay in Denmark's capital has only lasted about five or six days at a time, which is quite long enough for the most greedy sight-seer to exhaust his interest in the sights of Copenhagen. The situation of the town is very pretty and, being within two hours' steam of the coast of Sweden, it was always possible to take the steamer to Malmö by way of whiling away a dull afternoon, but I always considered my happiest days in Copenhagen were those on which I took my place for Berlin and London, travelling sometimes by Kiel, Hamburg and Flushing, which I think is the least fatiguing route for those not obliged to go by Berlin.

In the spring and autumn it was interesting to see the great assembly of Royalties related to the late King of Denmark, who used to collect at Copenhagen to do honour to that monarch.

One of my colleagues heard the following conversation at some large out-of-door party given at Fredensborg when many Royalties were present, between the late Duke of Cambridge and his A.D.C., who had his

hat on his head. The Duke of Cambridge: "So-and-So, take off your hat." A.D.C.: "Well, sir, one of these Kings told me that I might keep it on."

When in Copenhagen I used to employ my time by taking lessons in German, in connection wherewith I remember a rather amusing incident. It was about the time that sleeping carriages were first introduced, and, as may readily be imagined, they were a good deal in my thoughts. These conveniences are called in German, as most people know, *schlafwagen*. Well, it so happened that I was taking lessons from a professor whose name was Stadthagen, and, owing to a confusion of ideas, and to my railway journeys being continually uppermost in my mind, I was always falling into the mistake of calling this stiff Prussian by the name of Schlafwagen! At last he was so irate that he looked upon it as a studied affront, and declined to instruct me any further!

When I first became a Queen's Messenger we used to have a fortnightly journey to Rome or Florence with an occasional extension of our journeys to Naples, so I have seen every part of that much-written of country,

having moreover, owing to flooded railways in the Franco-German War, been obliged to post along the country roads, but this was many years ago and I cannot recall anything worth recording of my Italian travels. I made many journeys to Florence chiefly when the late Queen was occupying Lady Crawford's villa Palmieri in the neighbourhood. Not having much knowledge of art, I am ashamed to be able to say so little of a place that is so interesting to more enlightened people. Of course, I went to see the Pitti and Uffizzi Palaces and the other picture galleries, and took drives in the Cascire. I have, moreover, a vivid recollection of Doney's restaurant, but the whole place has been so often described by more intelligent travellers that my laboured recollections would only bore my readers. I paid one or two visits also to Venice, but except the Piazza of St. Mark's, the gondolas, and canals, I retain but little impression of the objects of interest that strike most people.

Naples and Rome were to me far more alluring. I have not been more than three times to the former, and those visits were many years ago. Of course, I went to see Pompeii, and ascended Mount Vesuvius on

the back of a mule, but my most pleasant recollection is of Amalfi, where I stayed for some days, delighted with both the scenery and society of the place.

Rome, of course, is more amusing than any other Italian city from the number of one's countrymen that one meets there. I can recollect Rome in the old days before the Italian occupation. The streets were then less clean but more picturesque. The Cardinals' carriages, drawn by four or six mules, were to be seen everywhere. Then, when the Pope passed by, it was curious to observe that all who were driving in vehicles of any sort had to descend, some, in their devotion, even kneeling in the muddy road. But this is ancient history. The Romans now inhabit the capital of a kingdom, and have the luxury of paying a vastly increased taxation for the support of a large standing army, to say nothing of the fact that every necessary of life has become far dearer. My youthful studies in the Latin Grammar and Lempriere's Dictionary added very much to my interest in the classical antiquities of Rome. When I contemplated the splendid monuments of the Roman Emperor's taste in art my thoughts at once travelled to the picturesque

heads of the twelve Cæsars that form the northern boundary between the Sheldonian Theatre and the Broad Street of Oxford. I always understood when a boy that they were modelled from the faces of the twelve earliest Heads of Houses, and it was not till my first visit to Rome that I recognised their resemblance to the Roman Emperors.

In April, 1903, I was again in Rome after an absence of very many years, and I felt quite strange in a city that I used to know so well. Recollecting Rome as I do before it became part of the Kingdom of Italy, I can hardly describe how the alterations (possibly improvements) struck me. It is now an imitation of Paris with smart boulevards and vast hotels, which I suppose attract travellers and cause money to be spent, and therefore admirable from the trading point of view. I must still confess to a sentimental regret for the irregular picturesqueness of Papal Rome, now no doubt vanished for ever.

Among my Italian recollections I must not forget to mention my hunting with an English pack of fox-hounds on the Roman Campagna. Though not exactly in Leicestershire style, the turn out was not bad. The field consisted of some of the few English

who were wintering in Rome, and a certain proportion of Roman princes, princesses, counts, and countesses. The Italian ladies' "get up" for hunting though picturesque was perhaps a little too striking. I remember one lady's hair perpetually coming down, and hanging over her shoulders. It was of a magnificent length, and I am inclined to believe that its fall was the result more of design than of accident. I saw, however, another lady's *toupet* blown off with her hat in a gale of wind, she scudding away under bare "poll" to overtake it. This was certainly not designed, nor was another serious mishap of which I was the unwilling witness. The most common fence on the Campagna of Rome is what is called a *staggionata*, and is a really very formidable post and rails. The hunting ladies thirty-five years ago did not have their under-garments so cleverly adapted to conceal a mishap as is the case nowadays, and hunting with the Roman hounds I one day saw a poor lady who had lost her whole skirt in jumping a broken-down rail, and I think that if she had anticipated such an accident she would have worn some suitable underclothes. The result was serious: I must have recourse to Latin to describe it:

"*Inscius Actaeon vidit sine veste Dianam.*" But my goddess had no power to change me into a stag!

I forget the names of most of the fixtures with the Roman hounds, but I remember that "Cæcilia Metella's Tomb" always struck me as strange when I saw it advertised as the meet of a pack of fox-hounds. I think that the Roman Campagna is now given up as a hunting country.

I was only once in Athens, though frequently touching at the Piræus on my way to Constantinople. My visit was after the murder of Messrs. Vyner and Herbert by brigands in 1870, and I had to go to Athens to get some of their effects—their guns and papers—to bring to London. There was such a fear of brigands even between the Piræus and Athens at that time, though the distance was only six miles, that I was furnished with a guard of two bluejackets with loaded rifles from H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, and my coachman thought it advisable to gallop the whole of the distance.

We used in former days to be sent every now and then to Madrid, and I have seen some singular sights in Spain—to my mind one of the most attractive countries in Europe.

I was in Madrid in 1868 during the Revolution that caused the fall of Queen Isabella II., of which accounts have often been written. Some years later when travelling in Spain just before the assassination of General Prim, I was informed by a fellow-traveller in the railway that Prim's death warrant had been signed by some revolutionists. My informant never told me his name (in fact he was hardly likely to do so), but I mentioned to several friends this man's prophecy, and naturally we were very much struck at its speedy fulfilment. I only relate this as a curious instance of a railway journey confidence.

We had very rough times during the Carlist struggle against the Republicans in 1873 and 1874, and in travelling really suffered considerable hardships. We were allowed to choose our route from London to Madrid in those troublesome times. Some of us on arriving from France on the Spanish frontier used to embark at St. Sebastian in an old tub called the *Princess Alice* for Santander, and undergo the delights of storms in the Bay of Biscay, but I always preferred the land journey *viâ* Elizondo. Of course, the posting through the Basque provinces was rather tedious as post horses

were scarce and bad, and the inns few and far between, but these last were always clean and the food, though highly flavoured, was quite eatable. During my first journey I made friends with some of the Carlist officers. They were encamped at Elizondo, and outside Pamplona, and I was always extremely well treated by these fine fellows who compared very favourably with the Republican garrison at Pamplona, particularly as to manner, and physique.

The Carlist rank and file were sturdy looking fellows, not tall, but strong and healthy. Their uniforms were simple. I can only remember that they all wore the Basque "beret" or cap of blue or red, and every man carried a badge of a heart surrounded by a crown of thorns with a sacred monogram. I thought that the priests who accompanied the troops rather truculent-looking customers, but their officers had quite an air of distinction, and gave me when I passed a luncheon of excellent lamb and salad, with sound country wine in which to drink to the downfall of the Spanish republic. When staying in Pamplona some of the officers of the government troops confessed to me that their men "stood in awe of the Carlists."

All Biscay, the Basque provinces, and Navarre were in favour of Don Carlos, and had he been a born leader of men, he had more than one good chance of upsetting the republic. The Carlists, moreover, gave me written passes which were much respected by the country people. Even when returning from Madrid the Carlist Committee sitting in the capital gave me a formal passport, which I have kept as a curiosity.

Besides these experiences I had other road journeys occasionally in the North of Spain, as, owing to inundations, I had more than once to post from the French frontier to Vittoria.

On these occasions I had to make the best of my way in hired carriages, or on the back of a mule. I was charmed, as is everyone who knows them, by the manners and willingness to oblige of the peasants of the North of Spain. No doubt, according to modern notions, they are behindhand in embracing new ideas and are rather superstitious, but no people could treat a foreigner better.

I recollect one rather singular experience on one of these posting journeys. A French artiste belonging to one of the theatres in Madrid was travelling like myself from that

city to Paris, and on our way we were told that the train could go no further as the line was flooded. I forget how I got a conveyance to take me to the nearest town, which I think was Vittoria, but, of course, owing to a number of railway passengers invading the place, the best inn was crowded. I slept there that night, and the next morning went in search of a vehicle to convey me to some station from which I could reach the French capital. Conveyances were few and hard to find, and the end of it was that only I and the Rothschilds' courier could be accommodated. I suppose that we offered the best price, and we considered ourselves lucky. Rothschilds' man took a friend in his carriage, and I was just starting in mine when the aforesaid lady begged me with tears in her eyes to take her on, as she said that she had an important engagement at Bordeaux or Paris. To this I at last consented after much pressing, as I do not like the company of adventurous ladies when in charge of Foreign Office bags.

However, we started, and on closer acquaintance my companion proved to be not bad-looking if not exactly in her first youth. She was gay and agreeable, and the time passed in mutual confidences. We did not

travel fast, and at the place where I had decided to stop the night I got out at the door of a small *posada* and asked for a room. The proprietor said that he had only one vacant, but that was at my disposal. He had peeped curiously into the carriage, and I could see that he supposed that we were a married couple. Here was a dilemma! Which of us was to have the room? It seemed quite beyond the bounds of propriety that both should occupy it, so I put the case to the lady, explaining that I was travelling officially, and (what was most true) that I could not think of leaving my despatches except in a room that could be locked and be under my own eye. My companion wrung her hands and assured me (with great irreverence) that her jewels were of far more value than my despatches. I pointed out to her that but for my obliging offer of a seat in my carriage she would still be blaspheming at Vittoria. I never was in such a fix, and could not imagine what to do. As a last resource I proposed that we should jointly occupy the room, and fling ourselves on our separate beds having made a solemn treaty not to utter a word or move hand or foot till daylight did appear. She assured me that this would be

too shocking, and that her character was one of unimpeachable virtue. She evidently considered my well-meant proposal as one of the wiles of a profligate! To finish the story, we agreed, with the assistance of the landlord, to rig up a curtain across the room so as to conceal the inmate of one bed from the gaze of the inmate of the other. This was done and answered admirably. My confidence in the respectability of my travelling companion was somewhat shaken by her informing me at parting that she had been disappointed of her remittances, and would like the loan of a hundred francs to take her to Bordeaux. I forget what reply I made to this appeal.

On another occasion my train was snowed up in Spain, and we had to live in the railway carriages on very short commons for nearly two days. I remember that we got nothing to eat but *puchero*, a sort of Spanish soup, and quite palatable, and a rather coarse garlicky sausage. However, the bread in Spain is generally good, and the thick chocolate as sustaining as porridge. This is everywhere procurable, as is also the rather rough country wine which tastes of pork from having been kept in pigskins!

I think that I have now exhausted the few

incidents that occurred to me when travelling with despatches. Year by year as the railway accommodation became more luxurious, the Messengers' experience became more and more monotonous, our numbers were diminished, and our journeys became fewer, but, judging from the many applicants when vacancies occur, it seems that the Kings' Messengers' appointments are as much sought after as ever. It is not the life to please an ambitious man, but I found that it always suited me very well. My relations with the Diplomatic Establishment of the Foreign Office were always most pleasant, and all that I have said in a previous page as to the charms of the society of English diplomatists on the Continent, applies equally to their diplomatic brethren of the Foreign Office. Perhaps observant people may detect in the Foreign Office clerk a certain seriousness, a certain consciousness of the possession of secrets which even a look might betray. He therefore lacks in a slight degree the singular light-heartedness of the diplomat, but one cannot blame him for a tempered reserve of manner, surrounded as he may be in London Society by journalists, and even foreign spies, eager for the revelation of a one-hundredth part

of the secrets of which he is the trusted receptacle.

I have recounted elsewhere in my tale the various advantages and *agrémens* in the life of a King's Foreign Service Messenger, but I fancy that I have perhaps touched too lightly upon the other side of the picture. I will, therefore, before I conclude, remind my readers of some of the drawbacks and hardships connected with the calling that I have left.

In the first place, there is for the first, second, and third Messenger on the list a continual feeling of uncertainty every afternoon from three o'clock till half-past seven, or even as late as eight. A King's Messenger is never sure of passing that night in bed. In practice, if the Messenger who is first on the list for a journey is to be relied upon to perform his duty, the next two below him may feel pretty secure. That this is not always so I once found to my cost. I well remember some thirty years ago how I was caught through the untrustworthiness of a colleague. What happened was this. I had personally seen the Messenger who was first on the list, as had also, I presume, my colleague who was second, and I, being only third, went

into the country with a feeling of perfect security. Unfortunately, my responsible colleague played us false, and of course the second on the list suffered as I did. The offender, expecting no journey that night, left the Foreign Office about 6 p.m., and, as nothing ever happens but the unexpected, a special journey was ordered as late as seven o'clock. The situation thus became serious. My colleague, the other victim, had I think gone to Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases, and I was hunting with the Queen's Staghounds at Stonor Park. How the bags were sent I never knew and I forbore to enquire, but I shall never as long as I live forget that appropriate date—the first of April! We all got stiff official reprimands, and I thought it rather unfair that no degrees of guilt were recognized in the offenders. I heard no more of it from the Foreign Office, but it was, of course, a very serious offence, and I may truly say that it was the only occasion I ever gave for the administering of a reprimand.

To continue to relate the discomforts of the employment, especially as one gets older, there is the turning out of a warm room at 7 p.m., *plenus Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ*, to drive in a damp four-wheeler to the Foreign

Office, and the anxiety about the bags being rightly counted and rightly entered on the way-bill on leaving the Office. Then there is the start from Charing Cross for Dover—the arrival in all sorts of weather—the crush on boarding the steamer. How often have I in the course of my service reached Dover at eleven o'clock on a winter's night, with a wild wind blowing, and the waves pouring over the pier, wetting me to the skin, as there is no protection whatever for passengers. Again, how often have I been told by the Dover harbour-master that the departure of the boat is uncertain unless the weather improves, and, in reply to my question of whether it is safe to go to an hotel for the night, how repeatedly have I been refused any definite information and been told that if I do so it is at my own risk of being left behind.

I recollect on one occasion having to cross when a hardened old salt, the late Admiral F. Maxse, said that nothing would induce him to take the risk. But how could I help starting? On that occasion I remember that I had come to the Lord Warden Hotel in the hope of a quiet night, when just as I was thinking of turning in a messenger arrived from the pier to say there was a lull and the

boat would start in ten minutes. I was young in those days, and the inconvenience to a green tree was nothing to the vexation of a dry one.

Then there is the scramble on landing at the French port, the continual haunting fear of having one's pocket picked and losing one's purse in a crowd, or, worse still, having a bag of despatches mislaid. Added to these things are the discomforts of the hurried food, the fidget about having a special compartment retained, the uninviting aspect of the compartment when secured, and the passing therein of one or more nights with every limb and joint aching from the enforced cramped position. All these things become very irksome as one gets on in life. I may also mention the occasional missing of the connecting train at a junction and the necessity of passing the night either upon a chair in the waiting-room, or in some poor and dirty pot-house near the railway station so as to be ready for an early morning start.

To an ordinary tourist these things cause an agreeable change from the society of the pleasing wife and children, but they soon pall on the taste of a middle-aged Messenger—

particularly if he has strong domestic instincts. Some of us, no doubt, did try in sympathetic foreign society to fill the void caused in our bosoms by the recollection of home, and, though I think that a celibate is more suited to the situation, yet I am far from saying that a married man cannot find some compensation for all he leaves behind.

As I grew older in the service of the Foreign Office I found myself continually with sadness observing the changes that Time made in the appearance and demeanour of the friends of my younger days. Those whom I had known in their youth, and in whose company I had spent many pleasant hours had become grey-headed and grey-bearded ambassadors, ministers, or under secretaries of State, and had exchanged their unconcerned philosophy for an indifference to pleasure and a serious behaviour no doubt better suited to their years and position. But what is more useless and foolish than to record banal regrets for the ravages of the enemy of all flesh.

CHAPTER XVII

A RETROSPECT

Retirement — Some Popular Misconceptions — and some facts.

In 1903, after thirty-five and a half years' service, I resigned my appointment as a King's Foreign Service Messenger, receiving a polite letter from the Secretary for Foreign Affairs (the Marquis of Lansdowne) acknowledging my "long and faithful services." It cost me a pang to write my application for leave to retire, and I experienced many regrets at thus severing myself from my colleagues and my many good friends in all parts of Europe, but I believe in the classical motto, *Solve senescentem*, and I felt that I was getting too old for continual starting on day and night travels, sometimes for three or four days together, to say nothing of the continual anxiety felt for the safety of the despatches themselves. I cannot count how often I have had to cross the English Channel, but I should think about seven hundred times,

and in all weathers, but I am thankful for having always had a strong constitution and good health.

Before I conclude the subject of my late calling, I would say one word on a matter which has always been a puzzle to me. As is well known, the Corps of King's Foreign Service Messengers have to do more work for the convenience of the Royal Family than any other public servants outside the Royal Household, and I think that there has never been any complaint as to the way in which that work is done. How is it then that our labours have never been recognized by Queen or King? No gleam of Royal favour has ever lighted our path. No Royal Messenger—as such—has to my knowledge received, even for what the Foreign Secretary is pleased to call "long and faithful services" any mark of approval from the highest quarter. There must be some special reason for this of which I am unaware. But, after all, the grievance is merely a sentimental one, and we must consider that a consciousness of our merits is their best reward!

Nothing has surprised me more than the general ignorance about my late employment,

and the singular interest shown in the mode of life and experiences of our calling, which is certainly at the present day of a very humdrum kind. Formerly there was more of interest and uncertainty, but now there is little enough even of variety. Sometimes I have sat next to a voluble lady at dinner who generally begins, "So you are a King's Messenger! How very interesting! What a delightful life! Do tell me something about it. I suppose you always have a portmanteau ready packed [this is generally true] and you are liable to start at five minutes' notice for the other end of the world—Australia, Japan, China, or New York!" etc., etc.

Another lady will ask, "What becomes of you when you get to your destination? Do you hand over your despatches to the King or Queen of the country to which you are sent?"

Now, although I do not like to minimize the length and importance of my journeys, I generally gave the first fair querist a pretty truthful answer. To the second specimen of questions I generally indulged in a little romance. With regard to the destination of the despatches I would remark, "In the case of smaller countries such as Belgium, Holland,

Denmark, and Greece, I invariably ask if the monarch is at home, and deliver my despatches into the Royal hands, but if, as sometimes happens, the King or Queen is out driving or taking a walk, I content myself with asking for the male or female consort, who at once sends for me and after compliments (as the Orientals say) clutches hold of my precious burden. In the case of the greater empires, such as Russia, Austria, or Germany, I think that my duties are sufficiently discharged by demanding an instant interview with the Prime Minister."

Sometimes a friend says to me, "I suppose that you always take with you a first-rate travelling servant." I regretfully answer that the allowances would not bear it, and a servant would add too much to my anxieties.

A gentleman once wrote to me evidently in perfect good faith, "What a calling is yours! What an opportunity for spreading the light of the Gospel among less enlightened Christians! Will you accept a few tracts of deep interest, and some copies of the Holy Scriptures for distribution in France, Spain, and Italy, and thus gain for yourself the glorious title of an evangelist?" I answered him at once, thanking him for his offer, but

added that I had never heard or read of more than four evangelists, and greatly feared that I had neither the talents nor devotion needed to make a fifth.

Then, again, how many parents have pinned me in a corner with the invariable statement that they have a son who would be exactly suited by a Messengership. I always heard the same sort of tale: "Tom, Dick, or Harry" has been in the Army, and in a weak moment of disgust with his duties has resigned. Or he has been a Naval officer whose health has broken down. All the aspirants of this class have the same characteristics. They are *so* fond of travelling—they have travelled a *great* deal—many, indeed, as far as Paris—a few more as far as Monte Carlo—they are not exactly linguists, but all speak a little French, and could easily learn more—they would, moreover, never be so happy as when passing their existence in railway carriages—little realizing that if once appointed their delight in Continental travel would soon evaporate! I am sorry to add for the information of this class of travelling monomaniacs that there are now only eight King's Foreign Service Messengers, and that this number is very shortly to be reduced to six, so there

is little chance of a vacancy for many a long year: "*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*"

Another peculiar idea seemed to occupy the minds of my friends, and sometimes of the merest acquaintances. This was that it would give me positive pleasure to be entrusted with a commission for some foreign town which possibly I was not bound for, and sometimes even when it necessitated my going through several post office or railway formalities to ensure a parcel being safely delivered. I remember once sitting next to a lady—an authoress of some repute—at a *table d'hôte* dinner. I had hardly exchanged a dozen words with her, but she found out by some means my occupation and tried to "exploiter" me in this way. I was on the following morning on the point of leaving the hotel for London, having packed up my effects, when an hotel waiter brought to my room a good-sized parcel. There was not a line of writing with it or any request, but a mere message that Mrs. So-and-So said that I would take the packet to Paris. I promptly convinced the waiter that the lady had no grounds for her assurance, and told him at once to return it.

I have often been asked in very sweet tones to take charge of a dog on a journey. This I have always steadily refused. Dogs are a great trial on a Channel boat and in the railway carriages. They require food and water and other attentions that I cannot undertake to administer. I have, on the other hand, at the request of friendly diplomats and others, often taken charge of boys going to and from school, and this I was always glad to do, as they were generally well-behaved, and spent the time in sleep or (less often) in subdued sobs when returning to their melancholy fate.

Soon after I joined as a Messenger I had a rather singular interview with a would-be traveller at the Berlin and Potsdam railway station. About a quarter of an hour before the train started I was on the platform guarding my despatches when a large unattractive Englishwoman came up to me, and without any ceremony demanded if I was "the Messenger going to London." I answered rather sharply that she had better get her information elsewhere, and turned away. She followed me up and shouted, "They told me at the Palace that the Messenger was starting for London and would look after me

all the way." To this I answered nothing. She then demanded if I did not know that the Crown Princess had just been confined and that she was Lucina's deputy on the occasion, and repeated that she had been told that I was to be her escort. By this time I was fairly angered by the woman's assurance, and told her that I neither knew nor cared anything about any lady's confinement, and that she had been misinformed as to my taking charge of her. I saw her again the next morning at Cologne, where she glared at me through the carriage window. I suppose she got safely to London, as I heard no more of her adventures.

CHAPTER XVIII

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Dr. Philip Wynter—Oxford of to-day—and in the days of Sedan Chairs—Survivals of the Old School—Undergraduates then and now.

No account of my life, and no record of my memories would be complete without some reference to Oxfordshire and to a few at least of its worthies whom it has been my privilege to number among my friends. With Oxford itself my ties became considerably loosened by the death of my father in 1871. I think that I am justified in looking on him as one of Oxford's specially notable men. At the same time I find it difficult to use words of my own to describe one so closely related to me. His death was certainly the greatest loss I have known in my life. It was terribly sudden. He had nearly completed his seventy-ninth year so I could hardly reckon on his having many more years of life, but his death came as a grievous shock to all his family. Besides losing the best of parents, my home was at once broken up by the loss of two comfortable abodes—one in Oxford and another in the

College Green of Worcester Cathedral. I have always considered my father a remarkable man. Though a well-read classical scholar and a most exemplary divine, he belonged to an older and more broad-minded school than do the superior clergy that one meets nowadays. He was to the end of his life fond of shooting, and an excellent shot, and moreover thought it no sin to play a rubber of whist, or to go to a theatre. I often regret that he left no notes of his life on which some practised writer might have founded a really interesting biography, but like the many brave men who lived before Agamemnon he passed away unsung (though not unwept) *caret quia vate sacro*. He was "happy in the occasion of his death," as had he lived to witness the changes (possibly inevitable) in the Church and University, his remaining years would have been deeply saddened.

Failing words of my own, I cannot do better than transcribe the following obituary notice which gives an admirable sketch of his life and work:

"The death of Dr. Wynter, President of St. John's, Oxford, marks an era in the history, not more of the college than of the University. He was the representative of an

academic type that is gradually becoming extinct, and of an order of things that is passing away. Upon the personal character of Dr. Wynter there is little need that we should dwell. His courtesy, his kindliness, the graciousness of his nature, and the goodness of his heart are sufficiently well known to those who in any capacity have been brought into contact with him. For close upon half a century he has ruled wisely and well the college of which he was head. Under his administration St. John's has achieved a scholastic reputation and prestige for which it must be considered exclusively indebted to Dr. Wynter's judicious sway. With the welfare and interest of this Society thoroughly at heart, eager to see it remain true to the wishes of its founders and the aims of its benefactors, and at the same time, anxious to accommodate it in every legitimate manner to the needs and aspirations of the day, the late venerable President of St. John's College was a true champion of the cause of liberal education and a faithful steward of the trust committed to him. He had witnessed and had carefully noted the waves of many successive tides of thought roll over the University. Amidst all he preserved the same

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The Rev. Philip Wynter, D.D.
Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

attitude of faith inflexible and loyalty immovable. To the mere forms and ceremonies of tradition he attached no superstitious value. It was the substance that he prized rather than the shadow. Thus, Dr. Wynter was always ready to concede, so long as the vital principle was not impaired or weakened. There was not in Oxford a man who desired more earnestly to see the University a seat of the widest and most varied learning, who more cordially welcomed new schools of teaching and new departments of science. What Dr. Wynter did oppose was the secularisation of Oxford, and the diversion of the revenues of Oxford into channels which the benefactors of Oxford had never contemplated. Thus, while Dr. Wynter esteemed it important that the representative of the University in Parliament should be a politician suited by his acquirements and scholarship to such a constituency, he esteemed it more important still that he should be a true and loyal exponent of those principles of religion and education, to be heedless of which is indeed to be careless of the *raison d'être* of Oxford herself.

"Dr. Wynter knew, appreciated, and acted upon the truth that if Oxford is to preserve

her position and *prestige* she must preserve, above all things, the distinctive character of her religious and intellectual training. In a word, he realised the fact that it was necessary there should be a general consonance between the past of Oxford and the present or the future, that her development should be equable and her progress consistent. For it was to revolution and not to progress that Dr. Wynter was opposed. He had supported Mr. Gladstone till Mr. Gladstone repudiated the views of which he had hitherto been the elected champion.* Later he acted as chairman of the committee for the return of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Mowbray. He was a strong politician, but his politics rested upon a definite and vitally cherished principle, and his action was the expression of his faith. The college over which Dr. Wynter presided will have a difficulty in finding a successor worthy to fill his place, and the loss of the college will but be reflected on a wider scale in the University."

By my father's death my mother and younger brothers had to seek other homes

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'*This is not correct—my father was never a supporter of Mr. Gladstone.

and were scattered over England, never again to be united. Before leaving St. John's College it was a great satisfaction to us to hear that the election of the Fellows had fallen on the present President. In fact I think that hardly any other choice was possible. Since our final departure I have never re-entered St. John's College, not indeed from any feeling of indifference to a place which had been my happy home for so many years, and for every stone of which I have an almost tender recollection (it having been the one corner of the earth which smiled upon me beyond all others) but simply because my remembrances on revisiting it would become too painful. In 1882 my family became still more broken up by the death of my mother.

Though I have never re-visited St. John's, yet I am in the City of Oxford continually. Most Saturdays find me there that I may have a chat with my friends, but I never enter the place without a mental shudder. I suppose that I am unable altogether to move with the times. At all events I cannot get over the complete change in the aspect of Oxford and its population. To my mind the poetry of the place has departed. The old colleges, gardens, and University buildings

of course remain, but their present-day surroundings are to me most distasteful. In the first place it is impossible to approach the heart of Oxford without passing monotonous rows of villas on the one hand or extremely depressing streets with hideous posters (such as lead from the station) on the other. The very approach by Magdalen Bridge has suffered sorely in this respect. Then the main streets of the town, which, though beautiful, are none too wide, are desecrated by tramways and made dangerous by the continual rush of bicycles and motor cars.

What a contrast! Why, I remember being sent out to a children's party in a Sedan chair! I can recollect, too, the halcyon days when there was little need of police in the modern sense of the word, and when during the dark hours of the night the entire town was given over into the charge of the old University police who slumbered securely in their drab-coloured watch-boxes! Then, too, the people one met in the streets presented a very different appearance in those days. Not only were they far fewer in number, but the dress and expression of the dwellers in a University town used to differ

completely from that of the inhabitants of other places. There was an old-fashioned courtesy which seems to have vanished before the march of intellect. The very Heads of Houses and dons with dignified mien and clean-shaven faces seemed to me more picturesque and suitable than any one sees nowadays. I remember many of them. I never saw—to my knowledge—Dr. Routh, the celebrated centenarian of Magdalen, but I can recall the handsome features of Drs. Marsham and Plumptre, those equally venerable of my great-uncle, Dr. Foulkes, late Principal of Jesus, and of my own father, and the singular appearance of Dr. Macbride.

The Rev. T. Short, well-known as "Tommy Short," of Trinity, I knew intimately. He was almost the last of the real old school, being in residence at Trinity till well on into the seventies. He was the picture of a "good old English gentleman," and was a keen fisherman.

Another University character, slightly junior to those mentioned, with whom I was acquainted, was Mr. Burgon, once Vicar of St. Mary's and afterwards Dean of Chichester. He was the author of a well-known poem called "Petra," and of a better known prose

work entitled "Twelve Good Men." He was full of humour which cropped out in his sermons, to the delight of the undergraduates, and his gaunt appearance and high-pitched voice will long be remembered in Oxford.

What stories they used to tell, those learned Fellows, who knew no need for hurry and understood the art of conversation! What a volume might be written by any who could remember their talk! I can but contribute one item. My great-uncle, Dr. Foulkes, whom I have mentioned above, was fond of narrating a singular tale which is worth recording from the fact that it is direct confirmation of a local tradition upon which some doubt has been cast.

My old relative was a Welshman of a well-known family who lived at Erriviat, in North Wales. He was once staying with the late Sir Robert Vaughan, of Nannau Park, Dolgelly, when a great storm occurred in the night and an old oak tree in the middle of the park was blown down. There has always been a legend that the body of Hoel Sele, a Welsh chieftain, had been thrown into the hollow trunk of this tree after he had been murdered by his enemy, Owen Glendower, and none of the country people would go

near the spot by day or by night as they believed the oak to be haunted. When the tree fell on that stormy night Sir Robert and his guests went off to see what it contained. To their astonishment they found the skeleton of a man with his sword in his hand. Sir Robert Vaughan had many memorials made of the wood, and among them a small table which he gave to my great-uncle in memory of the occurrence. This story of the Welsh chieftain is described by Sir Walter Scott in his introduction to Canto VI. of Marmion, and also in the notes under the heading of "The Spirit's Blasted Tree," "Ceubren yr Ellyll."

As to the undergraduates of half-a-century ago, unless my memory deceives me they presented a far more decent and respectable appearance than those of the present day, who seem to be divided between the wearers of torn and abbreviated gowns with broken caps, and the bare-legged hat-less tribe who rush through the streets regardless of the feelings of those more proper persons who, if they are not shocked at these apparitions, certainly ought to be.

Two or three other matters have in my opinion tended to change the appearance of

Oxford for the worse. Chief among these are the abolition of tests to which may be ascribed the singularity of appearance of some of those whom one meets in the streets, and the introduction of the married fellow with the consequent accompaniment of an endless procession of perambulators. In connection with this latter point I cannot help recalling Sydney Smith's alliterative sentence, "The same passion which peoples our parsonages with chubby children animates also the Arminian and burns in the breast of the Baptist." I hope I shall not be considered ungallant if I add that I can see little charm in the number of female students now to be met with in the University precincts, some with spectacles and some without, many of them badly dressed and worse shod, whose learning hardly seems to me an excuse for their appearance.

Lastly, although an old soldier, I confess that I think that the barracks situated within two miles of Oxford have also contributed to lessen the attractions of the place. I cannot think soldiers are in their fittest place in a University town. It would have been surely better to have chosen Banbury or Henley for a depôt centre.

Now I have done with these subjects! Nothing can restore the old University town of my boyhood—but *fuit Ilium,* and there is no more to be said.

CHAPTER XIX

LOCAL WORTHIES

Charles Mostyn Owen—William Holland and Joseph Tollit—Charles Symonds—Charles Neate—Merry the Saddler—William Nicholl.

Of other inhabitants of Oxford in what appear to me the good old days I have many recollections. First among these I must place an intimate friend, the late Charles Mostyn Owen. He was the first chief Constable appointed to raise and command the Oxfordshire police, and was certainly a man deserving of more than a passing notice.

I remember well the time of his election by the county magistrates, and the great interest that my parents took in his success. The position of a chief constable of a county is a very honourable one, but the remuneration is not high, and the duties are neither laborious nor difficult. I often marvelled that Owen never obtained a higher and more responsible post under Government, for he was possessed of greater capabilities and greater strength of will than most men. He was a younger son of a Shropshire family

and a graduate of Oxford, I think of Trinity College, and went out in early manhood to the Cape of Good Hope, I suppose to seek his fortune. He made his reputation after one of the Kaffir wars, when engaged with the late Major Hogg in making what was called "the Sand River Treaty." I forget his exact title at that time, but I fancy that he was a "Government Commissioner."

During the Kaffir war in which Owen, though a civilian, was engaged, the general commanding the British forces was anxious to obtain the surrender of a chief called Mosesh, but was at a loss for the means of communicating with him—as it was almost certain death, and a very frightful death—to place oneself in the power of those savages at such a time. I suppose that Owen had some acquaintance with Mosesh and told the general that be believed he could secure his surrender. Taking his life in his hand, he went straight to this savage chieftain, and such was his influence over him that in a few hours he brought him a prisoner to the British camp. Except Mr. Kavanagh's celebrated journey through the mutineers' camp at Lucknow, I know of no greater instance of cool determined courage than Owen's.

Various are the stories related of him during his Oxfordshire chief constableship. His was not a squeamish nature, and the tale is told —and I have never heard it contradicted— that in some local murder case, the trunk of the victim was to be found but his head was missing. The police were naturally anxious for this last proof of the identity of the corpse, but till Owen arrived on the scene the superintendents, sergeants, and constables could only find the headless body. His natural sagacity caused his search to be successful, as when driving home to Oxford he met one of his subordinates who eagerly enquired how he had got on. Owen coolly put his hand under the seat of the dog-cart and without speaking held up the missing head as a *pièce de conviction*.

I recollect his relating to me his capture of a cold-blooded murderer at Heyford in North Oxfordshire. An old bachelor, I think a miller, had been found with his head smashed in, and his cash box stolen. Owen, as in duty bound, started off to make his investigation. On arriving at the murdered man's house he sent for the nephew of the dead man who lived with his uncle, and who had, apparently overcome with emotion and

grief, given notice to the police. Owen asked this man a few questions but he seemed too broken-hearted to give a very clear account, he only prayed that vengeance might overtake the murderers of his dear uncle, whose loss could never be supplied. Owen heard his story and thanked him politely in a quiet tone that was all his own. The nephew told him, sobbing, that he had related to him all he knew and would now wish him " Good-night," when Owen said in a soft voice that he was afraid he could not part with him so soon, that he must take a drive with him as far as Oxford—some sixteen miles. The nephew was loud in complaints at this insult being offered to him, but Owen just bundled him into his dog-cart (I suppose hand-cuffed), and drove him to Oxford, where he was hanged shortly after the next assizes.

As my tastes in earlier life rather disposed me to the society of sporting people I used to see a good deal of two or three of some local celebrity, whom I will here describe, though these recollections would more properly belong to a later period of my existence. One famous rider to hounds was the late William Holland, the landlord of the Cross Hotel, in the Cornmarket, who in his younger

days was hard to beat when hounds ran. Another character well known in Oxford was Joseph Tollit, who in my time kept a livery stable, but had been a stage coachman, and one of the best drivers in England. I think that when a young man he was well known as driver of "The Age," a fast coach running between Oxford and London. His performances in the hunting field were immortalized in the poem by the late Mr. Egerton Warburton called "The Tar Wood run," when on Christmas Eve, 1845, a fox was found at Tar Wood, about eight miles from Oxford, and killed nearly twenty miles off close to Fairford, the hounds never having changed foxes during the run. After mentioning several who finished that great run Mr. Warburton sings "and Tollit ready still to sell the nag that carried him so well." "Joe Tollit" died about 1890, and there was an excellent memoir of him in the *Daily Telegraph* in which I think I recognize the Roman hand of that facile scribe, the late Mr. Frank Lawley.

I knew very well another Oxford character whose circle of sporting acquaintances was even wider than that of the two Oxonians that I have tried to describe. The late

Charles Symonds was never in my recollection a great rider, but had a large number of horses for sale or hire. I believe that he had in his young days driven a coach. He was clever and amusing. He had a sort of paralytic affection of the head which he moved from side to side incessantly, and this action seemed to give point to his witty sarcasms. A gentleman on going to Charles Symonds' stable was politely received by him, and many horses were paraded and ridden over fences in the pretty paddock at the back of the stables in Holywell Street. To every hunter that was brought out, this would-be customer made some objection, one horse had upright shoulders, another slack loins or curby hocks, or brittle feet, till at last Symonds took the gentleman into his office, and placing him in front of a blackboard, offered him, with a bow, a lump of chalk, saying, "Now, sir, if you will be kind enough to sketch the sort of animal you require, I will try and find him for you." Alas! Charles Symonds' green turf that had thundered under the hoofs of so many good horses is now built over, and its site occupied by the buildings of a Nonconformist college.

Just before I left for India, I think in

April, 1857, Parliament was dissolved, I believe on the question of the high-handed treatment of China by Lord Palmerston. As far as I remember the candidates for the City of Oxford were the Right Honourable E. Cardwell, a Cabinet Minister; Mr. Thackeray, the novelist; and Mr. C. Neate, a fellow of Oriel. My father, though a keen politician, took little part in the contest. I think that of the three candidates he preferred Mr. Cardwell as the most moderate, but he had little fancy for any follower of Lord Palmerston, of whose choice of bishops he disapproved, and whose foreign policy he always disliked as being dangerous and revolutionary. A boy, like myself, had naturally little interest in politics, but Mr. Neate was always kind to me, as indeed he was to everybody, and I remember doing all I could to get him support among the humbler voters of my acquaintance.

None who ever knew him can forget Mr. Charles Neate. He was afterwards returned for Oxford City, and, when an M.P., and, I think, a University professor, he took it into his head to enter his mare for one of the steeplechases at the Aylesbury meeting. This must have been in 1866 or 1867, and I shall never forget the scene.

The mare, a well-bred animal, but a hot little brute with a weak neck, had of course no chance against trained steeple chasers. Till just before the race there was some doubt as to whether he would really be rash enough to enter her and ride her himself. The ring, I recollect, laid a good price, I think eight or ten to one against the treble event, first that "Old Charley" as they called him, would ride at all, next that he would fall at the brook, and thirdly that he would lose his hat. He wore no racing cap or jacket, neither boots nor breeches, but rode in a dark waistcoat and white shirt-sleeves, with ordinary trousers well up to his knees. His singular figure was crowned by a "chimney-pot" hat. The lucky takers of the odds won their bet, as all three events came off. The scene was a memorable one. When the flag dropped away went Mr. Neate on his mare, with her head in the air, and fighting with her bridle. He cleared two fences without mishap, then the animal bolted to the wrong side of a flag, but nothing discouraged by the fear of being disqualified, he joined the other horses just before reaching the rather wide brook. Neate rode boldly at it, up went the mare, jumping high, and coming down like the stick of a

rocket in the middle of the water, which splashed a yard high. Of course, his hat was gone, and his mouth bleeding and full of dirty water. In spite of my amusement I really felt sorry for him, but I truly believe that he enjoyed the whole affair.

He was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew. He could not bear to see or hear of suffering in man or beast. He was a little quick-tempered, and there was a story that when a young man he had a row with Sir R. Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury and Lord Chancellor, which interfered with his prospects at the bar. He was universally popular but rather eccentric. I remember that in 1863 a very cold-blooded murderer was going to be hanged at Oxford Castle—those were the days of public executions—and that I said half jokingly to Neate that I thought of going to see the execution. He turned to me with the greatest heat, "By —, sir, if I thought you were in earnest I would never speak to you again."

Mr. Neate's steeple-chasing adventure causes me to recollect one Warwick meeting which I attended, and where an acquaintance of mine, Captain James Park, late of the 22nd Regiment, used to perform. He was a

younger brother of the well-known Captain Park Yates, the master of the North Cheshire. Jemmy, as he was called, was a very gallant but not very successful rider. On this occasion I remarked that whenever Park mounted and rode out of the weighing enclosure, Collinson, a member of the ring, whom I knew, used to shout to Park over the rails "The old bet again, I suppose, Captain." Park invariably replied "Done with you, Collinson." At last I had the curiosity to ask Park to explain, who replied with the utmost good humour, "Oh, don't you know? It is an even tenner that I tumble off." So dauntless a spirit ought to have had more success. I think that he is long dead.

I used to know the former handicapper at the Warwick and Leamington meetings. This was Mr. Merry, the well-known saddler of St. James's Street. He told me one story which he did not mean to be amusing, but which showed the extreme simplicity of his character. Talking to me one day of his racing recollections, particularly of the execution of Palmer the Rugeley murderer, in 1856, for the poisoning of Cook, he told me the following, which I give in his own words. "I knew Palmer's brother very well, he was

always fond of racing, and we were very friendly, but somehow or other without intending it I gave him offence; after which he never passed me without a scowl on his face. About a year or two after the hanging of Palmer I met his brother coming off the course at Lichfield (or Rugeley) races, and he said to me, 'Mr. Merry, you are passing my house, won't you step in and take some refreshment?' In I went and was offered some biscuits and sherry. Just as a bit of fun I sniffed at the glass and said, 'I hope it's a right 'un this time, Palmer.' You would hardly believe what he looked like. I thought he'd have had a fit, and he bustled me out of the house like a dog. He never could have been able to understand a joke." *On ne parle pas de la corde dans la maison d'un pendu.*

One more story, and that of a well-known racing man and bookmaker, the late Mr. Billy Nicholl, of Nottingham, may not be generally known. Like many followers of the turf, Nicholl was renowned for a very charitable disposition. I venture to point this out, as "bookies" are not much in the public favour at present, and if some of the *unco guid* had their way they would be all sentenced to cool their heels in penal servitude. These worthy

persecutors of the ring seeming to forget that professional book-makers are no more gamblers or encouragers of gambling than are stockbrokers, as an element of chance must enter into every large commercial transaction, whether successful or otherwise.

To return to my subject. Mr. William Nicholl was an easy prey to subscription hunters, amongst others one of those devoted women, the Sisters of Charity, visited Nicholl, explaining to him her object and soliciting his help. His sympathies were at once roused, and in his rough northern accent he replied, "Thou shalt have a bit at once, I'll give thee a pony." The religious lady, in her ignorance of turf slang, said disappointedly, "That would be very kind of you, Mr. Nicholl, but a pony would be of small use to us. We have nowhere for it to stand, no one to look after it, and could not afford to keep it. Now, if instead of a pony, you would put your name down for ten pounds, we should indeed be grateful." "Doon with you, miss," replied Billy as quick as lightning, remarking to a bystander, "See, I've shot the old silly for fifteen quid."

While on the subject of racing and steeplechasing I will repeat a story told me by my

before-mentioned schoolfellow, Captain A. G. Smith, well known as "Doggie" Smith. When the late Major Dixon of the Royal Dragoons (whom I knew well) was starting, or trying to start, a large field of horses at Punchestown, owing either to the misbehaviour of the horses, or the eagerness of the riders, there were several breaks away before the horses could be got off. At last a jockey, to whom these delays caused the greatest anxiety, shouted out to Dixon, "Oh! for the love of God, Major, dhrop the flag. Sure the whisky is dyin' in me ivery minute."

CHAPTER XX

COUNTY CELEBRITIES

Hugh Hamersley—Colonel Fane—James Mason—Charles Duffield—Hunting—Personal—Adieu.

APART altogether from Oxford and its special society there were of course many remarkable people whom I met from time to time, and with whom I struck up a varying degree of acquaintanceship in the neighbourhood.

When in my father's company I often met the late Mr. Joseph Warner Henley, of Waterperry, well known as one of the members of Parliament for the County of Oxford, a Privy Councillor, and twice President of the Board of Trade. He was a man of great natural ability and in his career, political and otherwise, displayed a strong common sense combined with a spirit of entire independence. I am continually reminded of him when summoned on the Grand Jury at Oxford, where his sagacious though rather stern features are excellently reproduced in his portrait by Sir F. Grant, which hangs in the County Hall.

In a recollection of old Oxfordshire I ought

not to omit the late Mr. Hugh Hamersley, of Pyrton Manor, whom I knew very well as a friend of my father's and also as a forward rider to hounds. He was married to a sister of the late Mr. John Shawe Phillips, of Culham, a former Master of the South Oxfordshire, with which country Mr. Hamersley was chiefly associated. He was for many years Chairman of Oxfordshire Quarter Sessions, and there were few more clear-headed men on the bench. Added to which he was the fortunate possessor of an extremely taking and hearty manner.

I also knew well the late Colonel J. W. Fane, of Wormsley, who was, I believe, a connection of Mr. Henley. He had much ready wit, could make a telling after-dinner speech, and was one of the best four-in-hand coachmen of his day. An old-fashioned country gentleman, he had a remarkable taste for soldiering, and commanded the Oxfordshire Militia at Corfu and other places during the war in the Crimea.

Even better known as a country gentleman and sportsman was Colonel Fane's brother-in law, the late Earl of Macclesfield. He kept and hunted his own hounds (the South Oxfordshire) for about thirty years, and drove

a coach as well as or better than the Colonel, though I never heard him make so good a speech. Six feet at least in height, when seen walking in London with his friends, the late Mr. George Lane Fox and the late Mr. Anstruther Thomson, they formed a trio of Englishmen that it would be hard to match.

The name Thomson reminds me of another intimate friend of my younger days, who was greatly respected and beloved—the late Mr. Guy Thomson, of Baldon House, near Nuneham, and the Old Bank, Oxford. He always appeared to me a real specimen of an old-fashioned benevolent Christian gentleman.

One really remarkable man and a near neighbour of mine was the late Mr. James Mason, of Ensham Hall. Possessed of unusual abilities and a very large fortune he seemed to have but one pleasure in life which was the doing good to his neighbours and diffusing happiness all around him. He was the head of the well-known mining firm of Mason and Barry, and it will be long before the neighbourhood and town of Witney finds such another friend. His son worthily represents in Parliament the Borough of Windsor.

Also among the number of those whose loss I have most to deplore is the late Charles

Philip Duffield, of Marcham, near Abingdon. He was a god-son of my father (whence his name Philip) and we were acquainted from a very early age. He was a great-grandson of the celebrated John Elwes, the eccentric gentleman who got into Parliament for one and sixpence, the price of his dinner at a market ordinary, and kept fox-hounds in Suffolk about the middle of the eighteenth century. Charles Duffield's father was for many years Member of Parliament for Abingdon. He himself was educated at Eton and was twice Master of the Old Berkshire Hounds. He lived all the year round at Marcham, and was thoroughly in touch with the farmers and inhabitants of the district. A thrill of sorrow was felt through all the countryside at the sad intelligence of his death. He will be remembered for his particularly bright, cheery manner, and, what is still better, his very kind heart.

This reminds me of an amusing story told of his brother, the late Mr. Thomas Duffield, who for some years was joint-master with the late Lord Craven of the Old Berkshire Hounds —a pack which hunt the country to the West and South-West of Oxford. There was a hospitable farmer on the Oxfordshire side of

the country who, when hounds passed his house on their way to or from the kennels, used to entertain the field with the best that his house afforded. "Tom" Duffield, as he was usually called, was a man entirely devoted to hunting, and, except during the few summer months of the racing season, appeared to have but one object in life—the pursuit of the fox. The aforesaid farmer was entertaining Duffield one afternoon when the latter's eye fell on a picture hanging on the wall opposite to him. "Hullo!" said he, "what is that picture about?" The farmer explained that it was called "The Martyrdom of Captain Cook," who was represented on his back in a canoe with a swarm of savages beating out his brains with clubs and tomahawks, while in the middle distance a clerical looking missionary, in a white tie and bands, was making tracks as fast as his legs could carry him. The farmer asked Tom for his opinion on this work of art. "Well," replied he, with his mouth full, "they seem to have chopped Captain Cook, but no doubt they'll have a good thing with the reverend gentleman."

T. Duffield was a thorough sportsman, but gifted, when in the field, with a power of

expressing himself more vigorously than that of any man I ever knew. Words poured from his lips like red-hot shot from a gun. I think that these strong expressions are a mistake, and that it is easier and more effective to ask an eager sportsman to check his horse and spare the hounds than to enquire in angry tones where the ensanguined Erebus he is riding to.

This strong language on the part of Masters of Hounds seems to be going out of fashion, and I attribute the improvement to the appearance of more ladies in the hunting field, which they greatly adorn. The worst of it is that many of them will ride so uncommonly straight as to make us poor men tremble for their fate. There is no more frightful sight than to see a woman on the ground entangled in her habit or turning a somersault over a flight of rails. "Bustle over hair-pins," as my naval son describes such mishaps.

I do not think that the clergy hunt so much as formerly. This may be from their taking a more serious view of their profession, or from the diminution of the incomes derived from their livings. Some of the old-fashioned clerics were certainly plain-spoken

even when addressing a superior. One well-known incumbent in the diocese of Oxford was having a visit from his bishop, who desired to see the parish schools in which the boys were divided from the girls by a wall or some strip of garden. Throwing open the door of the boys' school, waving his hand and addressing the bishop, the rector said "That's the dog pack, my lord—the bitches are on the other side." This same divine when requested to say grace at a cricket dinner, delivered himself thus, "For what we are going to receive, we shall each pay three and sixpence."

Anyone who has seen much of the clergy in the last forty years must be struck with the change that has come over ministers of the Church of England. I suppose that this change is for the better. They are certainly more professional—more a distinct class than formerly—but they are consequently much less men of the world, and not so good judges of human nature as their predecessors. They seldom hunt or shoot, but the sad fall in the value of livings may account for this, and they mix less with the laity. The country clergymen of the present day seem distinguished by three peculiarities—Lawn-tennis,

Limited income, and Large families. Their limited income is their misfortune, but their large families are their fault. Why do they not exercise a little self-restraint and defer entering the married state till they have saved a few hundreds as a provision for their families in case of their death? Few laymen would be so recklessly improvident, but I suppose that their favourite text is that "Love is the fulfilling of the law"—of which they are the faithful interpreters.

While speaking of fox-hunting I cannot avoid saying that though I have no fears that the noble sport of fox-hunting will die out in my immediate neighbourhood, yet I cannot help feeling that another fifty years will see it extinct in the greater part of England. Already it has become in most of the fashionable countries quite artificial. This arises, I think, from several causes. In the first place, I cannot believe that the tenant farmers look upon it with the same favour as formerly. Certainly they don't hunt in the same numbers, and those that do not make such a universal use of barbed wire as to double the danger of riding straight to hounds. It is true that most of them allow warning notices to be set up on their land, but this, to my

mind, destroys the former delight of a ride over a wild country. Were it not for the large sums paid to occupiers of land from hunt, wire, and poultry funds, I think that the real feeling of agriculturists would be displayed more openly. Then, again, there is the "capping" system, which, though most necessary, is opposed to the old idea of enjoying a friendly sport with neighbours. Hunting is a mere fashion with many rich people who arrive in the fashionable countries by special trains, and in those most objectionable things, motor-cars, taking no real interest in the day's proceedings, and only anxious to relate their exploits to a circle of admiring friends in Manchester, Liverpool, or Sheffield, or wherever their business is situated.

But I must draw rein. My pen would run on long enough if I allowed to describe all my many friends and all my many thoughts about fox-hunting, a sport which, if things educational and otherwise are allowed to go on much longer on the present lines, is, I repeat, doomed.

Living so long as I have done in a rural district, I cannot but lament the great degeneration that I have observed, in the last few years, in the population. It is an old

and sad story that the labouring lads on leaving school quit their homes to seek employment in the towns. It is hardly possible to find an odd man to trim a hedge or thatch a rick when one is wanted. There are, of course, some excellent old labourers, but they are rapidly disappearing. Among the young men there is a most decided distaste for field labour. How can it be otherwise when as boys they are kept at school till the age of fourteen, by which time work on the land is quite despised by them? They get at school no useful knowledge, but just enough to enable them to read newspapers, to think themselves too clever for manual labour, and to learn more mischief than manners. I have no objection to rational education, but I cannot see why it should be managed so extravagantly. In the parish where I live the children are to be conveyed to school—I suppose in a cart at the expense of the ratepayers. Surely this is carrying the education craze a little too far. I see that in some places it is proposed to feed the children, and all this to be paid for by the rates. The unfortunate farmers are injured doubly by these educational fads, as they have to pay through the nose for the schools, and when

the lads leave they are unfitted by those very schools for agricultural work, and the employer is at his wits' end to procure ordinary field labour.

Let anybody interested in the agricultural question, and the problem of the physical degeneration of the population, read Mr. Rider Haggard's interesting, but most depressing book, "Rural England," and he will, I think, be convinced that the mania for educating a redundant population at the expense of the ratepayers is responsible for the puny frames, half-instructed minds, and socialistic leanings of the working class. I fear that my views are not those of the majority, yet many agree with me who are too indifferent to try to stem the stream of this educational delusion. If it were possible to select out of the mass of boys one per cent. or one per thousand who had exhibited real talent, and then to give him or them a practical and superior education at the public expense, I think that no one would dispute the value of the results that might be obtained, but to drive hundreds of thousands of boys—some abnormally dull, and few very bright;—and cram their heads with unpractical book learning all at great expense, can

be of no benefit to themselves or to the nation.

In 1878 I married Constance Louisa, daughter of the late Honourable Constantine Augustus Dillon. This union has had four results, three sons and one daughter. My two elder sons are earning a precarious livelihood as lieutenants in the first battalion of the East Surrey Regiment and the Royal Navy respectively, and my youngest son has just obtained a scholarship at Oxford.

Those of my readers who have followed me thus far will have gathered that my tastes are for an outdoor life, and that my interests were largely absorbed in the sports of hunting, racing, and shooting. I have little fancy for London or London amusements, disliking "*Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*," though I find a day or two at a time, when I can visit my club and revive old memories, far from unpleasant.

The more serious-minded reader may fairly ask what useful information he has gained. He may say, "Here is a man who has travelled far and seen the manners of many men and cities, with exceptional opportunities for observation, who sits down and writes a book from which little real or improving

knowledge is to be gained. Beyond his own egotistic narrative, interspersed with descriptions of a few absurd situations, I am none the wiser for my trouble." In reply I would say that my intention has been rather to entertain than to inform, and that on the whole I am inclined to think that in my avoidance of what may be classed as "useful information" I have been merciful to my readers.

To them I will now say good-bye, begging again that allowances may be made for one utterly unpractised in the art of writing. As I began this volume with a quotation from the language over which I spent so many unprofitable hours, I will finish with another tag of Latin, for, till I am followed by the "hated cypress," nothing remains to me but—

—somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

FINIS.

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